

GRANDMOTHER GRAGG.

A Remarkable Old Lady; has 110 Descendants Living. A Sketch of Her Life.

Special Correspondence.

BACK ALLEGHANY, W. VA., January 28th, 1895.—Mrs. Gragg, the subject of this sketch, living in this neighborhood, was born in Pendleton County in 1808, being at this time 87 years of age. At nineteen she married Zebulon Gragg from which union she reared thirteen children. She has lived in the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Pocahontas, Lewis, Ritchie, and Gilmer. For thirty years she has been a widow. Her husband is remembered by the older people of Pocahontas as being the most accomplished boxer and fighter of his day. He was never whipped but once, and that time he encountered one William Keister, of Pendleton County. Keister was a man weighing over two hundred pounds. Gragg weighed 135 pounds. Gragg in parrying one of Keister's blows, had his arm broken. Keister could hit with the force of a sledgehammer. Mrs. Gragg is a member of the Lutheran Church, having been confirmed in her eighteenth year by Pastor Reamenchnider, and has thus been a consistent christian for sixty-nine years. She has living at this time sixty-four grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren. She is never idle, putting in most of her time knitting. She does not use spectacles. About twelve years ago an accident deprived her of the power of walking. Still she is far from being a burden on any one, and sits quietly in her arm chair all day, and can dress and undress herself without assistance. On being asked if she did not get very tired of sitting still, she replied, "Oh no! I am used to it." She is an interesting talker, and your correspondent has passed many moments in pleasant conversation with her.

Adventure in China.

Mr. A. Sydenstricker who, went from this county as a missionary to China, writes of an attack made upon him by some stragglers of the Chinese army. His letter is dated on November 24th, at Tsing-Kiang-Pu. He had made an excursion to some out stations, and with Mr. H. W. White, another missionary, was in danger of being mobbed in the city of Hsu-Chow-Fu. They escaped by rushing into the residence of an official, and were furnished an escort out of the city the next day.

On his way back he received news of the war and state of affairs at Peking, and word from Chin-Kiang that the foreign ladies and children had better go down. This aroused him to hurry on alone. He was traveling in a cart drawn by a mule. He met thousands of soldiers straggling to Peking, but was not molested until within about ten miles of his destination.

Here two soldiers jumped into the cart, and said it was theirs. The missionary made resistance, and they caught hold of the mule and swore they would kill him. One of them struck him some heavy blows with his sword, but the padded Chinese costume of the missionary saved him from being hurt. Then the other soldier picked up a pole five or six feet long, and struck at him. The first stroke missed, but the second fetched him a stunning blow, but which was not serious. Seeing that this assailant really meant murder, the missionary escaped, leaving the cart and mule in their hands.

From the letter Mr. Sydenstricker has evidently left the interior by this time. He speaks of the country as being in an uproar with no chance for him to work. The letter ends with these words:

"I hope our people at home will not be uneasy about our safety. We try to be prudent, but at the same time faithful to the work. We are immortal till our work is done."

An Indian Raid.

The following from *Stewart's Memoir*, is an account of of an Indian raid on the early settlements of Greenbrier Valley. The course of their travels lay between Greenbrier county and Rockbridge, and it is almost certain that the route lay by this place. The following account is taken from reprint in the *West Virginia School Journal* where it is credited to "Lewis' History of West Virginia."

"The Indians commenced hostilities in 1763, when all the settlements in the Greenbrier valley were totally cut off by a party of Indians headed by the Cornstalk warrior. The chief settlements were on Muddy creek. The Indians, in number about sixty, introduced themselves into the people's houses under the mask of friendship, and every civility was offered them by the people, providing them with victuals and accommodations for their entertainment, when, on a sudden, they killed the men and made prisoners of the women and children. Then they passed over into the Levels, where some families were collected at the house of Archibald Clendenin where they were entertained, as at Muddy creek, in the most hospitable manner. Clendenin having just arrived from a hunt, with three fat elks, they were plentifully feasted. In the meantime an old woman with a sore leg was showing her distress to an Indian, and inquiring if he could administer to her relief; he said he thought he could; and drawing his tomahawk, instantly killed her and all the men almost that were in the house. Conrad Yolcam only escaped by being some distance from the house, when the outcries of the women and children alarmed him. He fled to Jackson's river and alarmed the people, who were unwilling to believe him until the approach of the Indians convinced them. All fled before them; they were pursued to Carr's creek, in Rockbridge county, where many families were killed or taken by them. At Clendenin's a scene of much cruelty was performed; a negro woman, who was endeavoring to escape, killed her own child, who was pursuing her crying, lest she might be discovered by its cries. Mrs. Clendennin did not fail to abuse the Indians with terms of reproach, calling them cowards, although the tomahawk was drawn over her head with threats of instant death, and the scalp of her husband lashed about her jaws. The prisoners were all taken over to Muddy Creek, and a party of Indians retained them there until the return of the others from Carr's Creek, when the whole were taken off together.

On the day they started from the foot of Keeney's Knob, going over the mountain, Mrs. Clendennin gave her infant child to a prisoner woman to carry, as the prisoners were in the centre of the line with the Indians in the front and rear, and she escaped into a thicket and concealed herself until they all passed by. The cries of the child soon caused the Indians to inquire for the mother, who was missing; and one of them said he would soon 'bring the cow to her calf.' Taking the child by the heels, he beat its brains out against a tree, and throwing the body down in the path, all marched over it until its entrails were trampled out by the horses. She said she returned that night in the dark to her own house, a distance of more than ten miles, and covered her husband's corpse with rails which lay in the yard where he was killed in endeavoring to escape over the fence with one of his children in his arms. Then she went to a cornfield, where great fear came upon her, and she imagined she saw a man standing by her within a few steps.

The Indians continued the war until 1754, and with much depredation on the frontier inhabitants, making incursions as far as within a few miles of Staunton."

ARRESTED!

Our Hillsboro Correspondent gives the particulars of the arrest of the two Negroes.

HILLSBORO, W. VA., Jan. 29, 1895.—On last Friday, Jaspar Payne while on his way from the railroad was passed by two colored men near Falling Spring, coming this way walking; one of them he recognized as Alex. Armstrong who formerly lived in this neighborhood. Knowing that Armstrong had been suspected of having a hand in the robbery of Capt. A. M. Edgar about that time in '94, it occurred to him that the people here would like to apprehend him, so he went to Mr. Thomas Edgar, living near Falling Spring, and put him in possession of what he knew. Mr. Edgar immediately set out for this place, and arriving considerably in advance of Armstrong and his associate, made all necessary preparations for their arrest. They reached this place about dark, and were allowed to pass through. Shortly afterward Deputy Sheriff R. K. Burns with three men started after them and overtaking them near Marvin Chapel, he called on them to throw up their hands which they did after some hesitation. They were told that they were suspected of the robbery of Capt. Edgar in January, '94 and placed under arrest. A search of their persons brought to light, two revolvers, a mace, some gunpowder and a box of vaseline. Armstrong, who told different parties on his way here, that his name was Biggs, now gave his true name and that of his associate, whom he said was Cumberland. The officers brought them back to Capt. Edgar's where they were kept during the night. The next day (Saturday) Pros. Attorney L. M. McClintic, who had been sent for, arrived, and the prisoners were brought to the H. M. & F. Academy, for a preliminary hearing before Justice G. R. Curry.

Considerable excitement prevailed, and old and young, big and little from the town and surrounding country, eager to see and hear, filled the building to its utmost capacity.

The testimony of Capt. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Isaac Smith and daughter, Mr. Edgar Beard, Chas. Lee and Edward Stewart, was now taken. Capt. and Mrs. Edgar testified that in many ways the men bore a strong resemblance to the parties who robbed them in January '94, and that they believed that they were the same men. Mrs. Isaac Smith and daughter, testified that they were very much like the men who ate breakfast with them a short time before the robbery, and that they believed that they were the same men. The other witnesses testified that they bore a marked resemblance to the men they had seen in the neighborhood just before the robbery. Chas. Lee (colored) stated that "They filled the bill exactly."

Justice Curry finding the evidence sufficient to hold the prisoners, and they not being able to defend themselves or give bail, sent them to jail to await the action of the next grand jury court. Cumberland who was traveling with Armstrong has a repulsive face stoops a little when he walks, and talks incoherently. He says that he can prove himself clear, and that he and Armstrong were on their way to Bath county, Va., to visit friends.

Armstrong, a bright mulatto, stoutly built, and a smooth talker is well known here, having lived here for a good many years. He was born in Highland county, Va., and brought here when he was quite young. He lived here until about 12 years ago, when he went to Marietta, Ohio. There he claims he has been since that time. For some time he has borne an unsavory reputation, and his poor effort at self vindication at the trial, and his covert way of coming into the country, all tend to strengthen the belief of many persons here, that he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged.

SOCIETY ITEM.

On the 14th, day of February (St. Valentines day) Misses Jessie and Lucy Renick will give an entertainment for the young people. They promise something different from the ordinary run of entertainments and no doubt all who attend will have much fun and enjoyment.

NEW SORT OF PIG.

Andrew Carter living near this

place owns a pig about two months old, with two well developed tails. This is not a fabrication, but a living reality, and Carter will take pleasure in showing all doubting persons this wonderful freak of nature.

"JENKINS."

Personal.

It is reported that Mr. Washington Moore, of Sunset, is seriously ill. Also his son, Points, is much complaining.

Messrs. E. I. Holt and N. J. Brown, of the Levels, made a trip to Randolph County, last week.

Mr. G. H. McLaughlin has returned from a visit to Greenbrier County.

Mr. Charles Steinmeyer is stopping with Captain Smith.

Mr. J. C. Gay made this town a business visit last Monday.

Mr. Will Harper, of Sunset, was in town on Tuesday.

AT HUNTERSVILLE.

H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., of Huntersville, was here on Tuesday. His family has been visited with a scourge of typhoid fever. He reports his boys as well, and his wife able to be up and about.

Mrs. Lanty Herold has been quite ill, but is much better.

Mrs. Mary Baglow is somewhat improved in health, which was not so good some time since.

Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, spent Saturday night in Huntersville, on his way to Lewisburg to see his little girl, who is suffering from whooping cough.

Mrs. J. C. Loury has about recovered from her recent severe illness.

Mr. J. J. Beard is confined to his room.

The sympathies of this community were deeply aroused by the recent and sad decease of Miss Minnie McElwee, eldest daughter of Mr. Divers McElwee, of Driscoll. She was a very popular and estimable young lady. Her sufferings were very intense and protracted.

In Memoriam.

In memory of Minnie McElwee, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McElwee, who departed this life January 12th, 1895, after an illness of several months. She was just blooming into womanhood, beloved by all who knew her. Her death, though expected, was a great shock to her many friends. Our loss is her eternal gain. Fully trusting in the promises of her Savior she passed away.

Tread softly, be still,
An angel has been our guest,
And borne the spirit of our darling
Home to the realms of rest.

She is sweetly asleep in Jesus,
Not a trace of care upon her brow,
A lovely rose on earth just blooming
But transplanted in heaven now.

Oh! the lovely, glorious visions
That her eyes do now behold,
And her feet so softly treading
O'er the streets of pearl and gold.

Weep not, mother, for thy jewel,
With God beyond the utmost star,
Think of her as a lovely angel
Holding the beautiful gates ajar.

A FRIEND.

FOR

if this notice should lead you to purchase your clothing, hats, caps and shoes of P. GOLDEN, it will not have been in vain

YOU

N. B. If you don't happen to see this notice, please call at my store between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11:30 p. m.

An Ecstasy.

From the Detroit Free Press.

She put her arms around his neck,
And for a season
He disappeared from earthly gaze,
As stars are hid in sunlit days:
Those lovely arms, so wondrous soft
and fair,

Were in those monstrous sleeves that
women wear—
That was the reason.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

R. K. BURNS,

Deputy-Sheriff.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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The Miller's Will.

A famous old miller lived over the way,

His three sons looked for his death each day.

He was old and stiff and he made his will,

And he had to dispose of his old grist mill.

He called to his bedside his eldest son,

And he said to the youngster, "My race is run,

What sort of a miller, now, would you make?

Pray tell me, my boy, what toll you'd take?"

"Father, as sure as my name is Teck,

Of every last bushel I'd take a peck."

The old man sighed and shook his head,

"You'd starve to death," was all he said.

Next he called up his second son

And asked him the same as the other one.

"Father," he answered, "my name is Gaff,

Of every last bushel I'd take the half."

The old man sighed and shook his head,

"You'd make no money," was all he said.

But he called his last and youngest son,

To answer the question as all had done.

"Father, as sure as my name is Jack,

I'd cabbage the grain and swear to the sack!"

Then "Hallelujah!" the old man said,

"The business will prosper when I am dead!"

Edray, W. Va. SUSIE MANN.

Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Linwood, Pocahontas county, was here on Tuesday. He had been spending about two weeks in Augusta, and left for West Virginia Friday. Speaking of the Confederate Camp, of which he is commander, he says that efforts will shortly be made to have the remains of all Confederate soldiers buried in the county exhumed and re-interred in one place and a monument erected to their memory. Why cannot this be done in Bath?—*Bath News.*

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A HARD NUT.

One Henry James who was lodged in jail some time during last March, on a charge of rape, and tried and acquitted at the June court, has gotten into trouble again. Mr. Nick McCoy was a witness for the plaintiff in the case mentioned, and some statements he made so incensed Jones, that he threatened to burn him out. He also, made like threats against other parties in the neighborhood. Mr. McCoy hearing of it, at once took steps to have him arrested, when he told him if he would let him off he would leave the country and never return; he was released on that promise, and went away. Last week he returned, having been gone for about eight months. Mr. McCoy was apprised of his being in the neighborhood again, and on last Saturday morning when passing through Mr. F. A. Renick's place on business, accidentally ran across him; Jones took to his heels, and Mr. McCoy put a savage dog he had with him, after him, and in a short time he was safely perched on a fence nearby, Mr. McCoy unarmed, approached him, and told him to surrender. Jones who had a gun, at first dissented, but seeing Mr. McCoy's determined manner, concluded to give himself up. He was taken before Squire Bruffey near Lobelia. We haven't learned as yet how Mr. Bruffey disposed of the case.

OTHER ITEMS.

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Local Matters.

A SERIOUS question is presenting itself to the attention of the owners of bluegrass lands. The sod is dying out, and every year more and more "poverty grass" or "moonshine" makes its appearance in its place. The line of progression seems to be from north to south. The limestone forming the bluegrass land lies north and south, being a very thin strata in the northern part of the State and deepening as it goes south. No doubt but what the bluegrass has enemies in the way of grubs which weaken its hold, as it can hold its own with anything when the circumstances are favorable. The protection of the skunk, as proposed by Delegate Anderson, is on this line. A great deal of the bluegrass land is too high for farming, and most fit for grazing. This adds to the importance of protecting the bluegrass.

THE older citizens can remember the time when fine walnut trees were burned in log heaps, or fencing rails made from them. Then if a man wanted a walnut tree, any friend would let him pick the finest tree on the place and take it for nothing. Now we consider oak in this category, but the day is very close at hand when a perfect oak tree will be worth as much to the owner as if it was a walnut. There are fortunes in oak, but no timber is so widely diversified as the oak, and while a greater part in the county is worthless, there are bodies of beautiful trees which will prove a mine of wealth to their owners.

A CITIZEN of our county was asked by a visiting friend how it came that his stock looked so sleek late in the winter, and were so free from vermin, and presented such a healthy appearance generally. His explanation was that it was his habit to put chopped onions in their feed. The cattle seem to be very fond of such, and will eat it greedily. The idea seems to have been suggested by the fondness all stock have for the ramps they get when turned out to range. He thinks onions worth all they might cost and more for the benefit calves get from them in their winter feed.

MR. Joseph B. McNeel, a prosperous farmer on Buck's Run, is one of the fortunate ones who do not realize the hard times, so much talked about the past year or two. He bought a nice lot of calves in the fall, kept them a few weeks, and sold at a profit. He raises more supplies of every kind than is needed for his table use, and realizes ready, remunerative sale for all he can spare. His idea is that whenever the people generally spend less than they dig out, that "hard times will come again no more."

In talking over the subject of firearms, some one said that Mr. P. D. Yeager, of Traveler's Repose, was probably the first man in this section to have his flintlock rifle altered to become a gun firing a percussion cap. When the work was done, he went out to the back of the shop to fire it off, while all the bystanders ran to a very safe distance for fear the gun would burst. Soon a muzzle loading gun will be as much of a rarity as a flintlock firepiece, the which but few of the younger generation have seen.

THERE is a report going that a citizen shot at a supposed burglar the other night with an old Confederate musket and cleaned out one entire panel of fence. It was only a late caller, however, and the householder was too hasty. If the charge had hit the young man, there would not have been enough of him left for identification.

A CERTAIN school teacher of this county was asked in school by a pupil how bananas grew. He told the child that they grew in the ground like potatoes, classifying the fruit as a tuber.

China is suing for peace. And thereby hang 250,000,000 tails.

Some Hunting Tales.

Hugh C. Sharp, the bachelor proprietor of a fine old place on Elk, can tell you more hunting scrapes than almost any man you can run across. He is a crack shot, and probably the finest bee-hunter in this section of the country. The hunter or fisherman finds a hospitable door open to him, and a host who is an expert at both sports.

He has even found and killed a bear that has gone into winter quarters. As is well known, about Christmas, and some say, on Christmas day, the black bears of our mountains find a dry place to sleep until food becomes plentiful again, which is generally about the first of April. The large bears go into caves, while smaller bears find places in hollow trees. A good many years ago, late one winter, he saw on a dry sugar snag at least thirty feet high, signs of fresh scratching. Knowing that a bear had been seen on this trunk the fall before, he was led to believe that a bear was wintering inside. He went for a partner who climbed up a small tree so that he could look down the hollow of the snag.

As was expected, away down at the bottom of the hole, thirty feet below him, could be seen two bright eyes burning as brightly and steadily as two lamps. They came back the next day, and Mr. Sharp climbed and shot at the eyes, which were still shining, with an army pistol. There was no effect from the shot other than that the eyes were not seen any more. Upon cutting open the trunk of the tree, a two-year old bear was found stone dead with a bullet hole exactly between his eyes.

The tale of the killing of the sheep killing bear about 1880, is very interesting. When a bear gets so big and strong that he is not afraid of dogs, he very often goes to killing sheep, and he is then almost as great a nuisance as the man eating tiger of India. The man who kills such a bear does his country a service. About this time there was a bear which had a track about a foot long, which was killing a sheep every night for some body in the Elk country. He always killed one sheep every night. One night he left a sheep without eating it. Twelve men and twenty dogs waited by it the next night. The bear came and got the sheep and carried it off with the whole crowd at his heels. He did not mind the dogs in the least. Presently the bear stopped, and the men thought he was treed. They were running up a narrow hollow, when presently the dogs rushed back by them, and the men turned in time to escape a charge from the bear. The reason the bear had stopped was that the sheep which he was carrying had become fastened in the fork of a bush and he could not tear it loose and would not leave it. He had finally to tear off a hind-quarter and go. Later on in the winter, after he had killed about forty sheep for the Sharp's, Hugh got a shot at him one day when the dogs ran him out of a laurel patch right by him. He says he was as big as an ox, and as he refused to swerve aside, he had to shoot at his neck or be run over. The bear dropped and laid awhile. Before the mountain rifle could be loaded again, the bear had gotten up and staggered off. He was bleeding very profusely. The next day they followed him in the snow away into the Gauley country, the bear having bled all the way. But he had never stopped to lie down. After traveling a half a day, the hunters had to return without having found the place where the bear had stopped to rest. It is all but certain that the bear died at the place he lay down, any way he never came back.

Mr. Sharp can tell you a thousand and one tales like the above of the time when bear were as plentiful as sheep, and panthers and deer could be found in greater abundance than foxes and rabbits to-day.

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The Raven Rocks.

The Raven Rocks, on Wm. M. McAllister's farm, on Elk, is a great curiosity. Recent clearing has removed the obstruction that hitherto obscured the view from the turnpike, and they can now be seen from the road.

It is a very imposing sight. From a distance it appears to be a vast over hanging cliff, about seventy-five feet high on a high point. When visited the high cliff is found to be a detached portion of the cliffs, being separated from the rest of the mountain by a chasm of about three feet in width, which extends clear across its breadth, and is as deep as the cliff is high. It is said that in hacking recently, the workmen were afraid to cross this fissure, and for that reason did not deaden a few pine trees that grow on this top. As will be seen by this meager description, the rock is an immense body of stone detached with a base much smaller than the top.

When standing on the top, the tourist seems to be overhanging the very bottom of the deep valley below, the side of the mountain being very precipitous, and the rock shelving over so much. The place has been the home of wild-cats, which have full and undisputed possession of the caves and holes in the rock. Mr. Jas. Gibson, Jr., of Elk, some years ago was taken by surprise by a wild-cat here. His dogs were baying a wild-cat in one hole. Presently a cat came out of another hole beside the hunter, and jumped on the side of a tree. The unexpected appearance of the cat, rattled the hunter to that extent that he forgot he had a gun, and the cat ran away unhurt.

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ARMSTRONG ON JAILS.

OFFICE,
7, 1895.

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We were too much crowded last week to give a full account of the night Armstrong put in in his vain endeavor to deliver himself, being confined in the Huntersville jail. He has wished since that he had fully appreciated the comforts of his cell at Huntersville, and had not trifled with the "best jail in the State."

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Armstrong was put in jail on Saturday, January 26th. On the next night he had pulled away the sink in one corner of his room and found that the sink in the next room connected with this one by means of a pipe. This gave him a hole through the six-inch partition to begin with. Waiting over a week, he and his cellmate, Barton Douglas, another negro, pulled away the sink again, late Tuesday night of last week, took a peice of their bedstead and pushed away the sink in the other room. They then saturated the oak with coal-oil, set fire to it, and enlarged the hole sufficiently for them to crawl through.

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All went well until the smoke began to choke them. They threw water on it, which made the smoke worse. They crawled through, and found the empty cell next as securely locked as their own. Now the smoke question was getting serious. The oak wood was smoking strong enough to have cured all the Hams in Pocahontas of everything. The negroes in the ground floor smelt the smoke, for there was not a chink for it to escape. They thought the jail was on fire, and yelled like demons. Armstrong and Douglas raised the window, but they said that just drove the smoke in. Then they raised their voices, too, and the old jail must have sounded as though the famous "forty devils" were confined therein. The four negroes yelled all night, until the town woke up about five o'clock next morning. The prisoners' eyes were almost put out, and even late in the day they could scarcely see anything.

Now Armstrong finds out what his effort cost him. He is buried alive in the new Marlinton jail, which is a terror to all possible prisoners. He is in a steel cage and outside he can look through to where a stove is kept burning to warm him. He exchanged a comfortable room, with a wood fire and light, for this metal concern. Formerly he could look out of a window on a road, but now he is too far from the window to see anything, and will not even catch a glimpse of the sky when the frost is on the glass. Nobody can come in and chat with him, and his surroundings will give him as much satisfaction as if he were at the bottom of a well.

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Frozen to Death.

A thrilling report comes from Tucker county, of two school children, a brother and sister perishing in the blizzard that raged on the 13th of February. The brother's age was 12 years and he took off and wraped his coat around his sister aged 10 years, and when found they were folded in each other's arms. The papers are speaking of this self-sacrificing act in highest terms of eulogy. The *New York Express*, says: His conduct had in it all the highest elements of heroism. It was not inspired by love of glory or hope of reward, it was born of instinctive chivalry, and inspired by dauntless courage. To die in the blaze of battle is far less difficult, than to perish by inches after having deliberately sacrificed the last chance of safety in order to save another. There could be no sterner trial of heroism than this West Virginia boy stood the test, and the nation that lost him has reason for pride as well as regret. He was made of the right stuff for American citizenship,

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THE RAILROAD!

**NO FAKE THIS TIME! HUNTERSVILLE
THE LUCKY TOWN!**

Marlinton Only Six Miles from the Depot!

Our people were electrified by the report in the Philadelphia papers that Henry G. Davis would commence to extend his road southward at once, without waiting to complete his Hagerstown extension. Huntersville is the fortunate town chosen to be developed by this road. The grading as far as Huntersville will be completed this season.

Hillsboro.
We have had a few bright days, and the snow is slowly melting. Preparations are now being made for sugar making, and the season bids fair to be a good one.

ATTRACTIVE VIEW.
Many people have travelled the road from the top of what is known as the Vine Mountain to Hillsboro, unaware of its attractions. Shortly after leaving the top of the mountain one emerges from the deeply shaded timber to an eminence in the road from which the beautiful valley from Mill Point to the foot of the Droop Mountain, suddenly bursts upon the view with all its surpassing grandeur. No lover of the beautiful ever passed the place without halting, and contemplating in profound silence, the imposing scene outstretched before him. The village with its church spires pointing heavenward, farm houses dotted here and there, groves of timber, winding roads, and magnificent fields of waving grain bathed in the sunlight of a June morning, make up a scene of grandeur beyond the power of the pen to describe. Going perhaps three quarters of a mile from this place we find but a short distance from the road side what is known as the Moccasin Spring. Many years ago a hunter tired out with the day's sport, dropped down in this secluded spot to recuperate. While sitting there meditating upon the ups and downs of a hunter's life, and other things in general, he saw some water trickling from a large rock, being thirsty and no water near him, he cut with a hatchet, a neat little trough in the rock to catch the water. While waiting for the trough to fill he discovered a large moccasin snake lying near him, he dispatched it, and from that time, the place has gone by the name of the Moccasin Spring. Although the stream that supplies the spring is very weak, it never fails, and go there where you will you will find it slowly trickling, and the little trough in the rock full. The next and last place we shall mention on the road, is the Rattlesnake Den at the Tar Place near the foot of the mountain. Who is there in Hillsboro that does not know of the Rattlesnake Den? and haven't some of us been filled with a nameless dread as we cautiously picked our way through the labyrinth of laurel that leads to the home of the deadly rattler. The Den is situated among some large rocks, surrounded by a heavy growth of laurel. No wilder, rougher, spot can be found in that section of country. There was a time when the Den was full of rattlesnakes, but of late years they are not so plentiful. They still can be found there, however, and the time to look for them is in the spring when the weather begins to warm up. About the first of May they crawl out of the rocks, and stretch out where the sun will shine on them. Hardly a spring passes but what some one goes to the Den to capture a rattlesnake, either for his hide which makes beautiful belts, or for the oil which is used for medicinal purposes.

WM. COCHRAN DEAD.
Mr. Wm. Cochran died at his home near the Droop Church, on the 17th, aged about 70 yrs.

CITY ORDINANCE.
At a meeting of the council recently, an ordinance was passed in regard to cleaning the snow off the side walks. After a snow falls, all persons not taking the snow off the walks in front of their premises, within ten hours after it has fallen will be fined not less than one nor more than two dollars.

ANIMALS FROZEN.
Mr. M. A. Dunlap found twenty rats in his granary frozen to death, and there have been 15 gray squirrels found between J. L. Kinnisons and the river, frozen to death; one of the squirrels had been digging in the ground for a nut it had buried, and succumbed to the cold with the nut almost in its grasp.

BEAR KILLED.
Last week Mr. S. J. Payne purchased a large bear of Mr. Henry Perry. Mr. Perry killed it on the east side of the Greenbrier River near Spice Run. It was the fattest we have ever seen. Old hunters say, for fat, they have never seen any thing like it. "JENKINS."

**Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, But It Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!**

Winter has groundhogs. Quarterly and Sunday Samuel H pneumonia. bronchitis, treatment of Henry W and John E ster to work Messrs. Pe Brock wear of two young Thomas visiting on T. A. Brut to-morrow. W. B. Hill B. McCarty, at Back Lick J. B. Gr build a barn Henry Ca to browse on Mrs. Ser New York a her son and gone several E. Rogers furniture. home factori A gentlem is selling flou pounds. The preac time to colle

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THE writer received the following items of history from the late Squire William McClintic, of Bath County. This gentleman was a prominent citizen, and accepted most of the important offices in the gift of his fellow citizens, and he had a passion for history. He has a grandson living in our county who ranks high as a physician. Mr. McClintic says that when the Indians gained their victory near the mouth of Falling Spring Run, in Alleghany, in 1768, they were so elated that one hundred and eighty warriors pressed on as far as Kerr's Creek, where some persons were slain, and others taken prisoners. On their return they crossed the Warm Springs Mountain, near the springs, and camped close by the springs. The next day they went into camp on Back Creek, near the place where Mr. John Gwin resided a few years since, eight or ten miles above Mt. Grove. As soon as possible, three companies under Captains Lewis, Dickinson, and Christie started in pursuit. Christie's company was from near Waynesboro. The Indians were followed to the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac. The scouts discovered the encampment not far from Harper's Mill. Strange to say, the Indians seemed to be heedless of danger. Some were dressing deer-skins, mending or making moccasins, some cooking and hunting and fishing. The scouts having made their report, the officers held a consultation. It was debated whether the attack be made at once or wait until night. It seeming most likely that the Indian scouts might get on the trail of the whites before night and hence be warned of their danger, it was concluded best to attack them without delay. The three companies were to be deployed in such a manner as to invest the camp and to begin the attack simultaneously. Major Vance was sent forward to a point overlooking the encampment, with instructions that if the Indians showed any signs of having discovered the approach of the whites to signify it by firing a gun. Lewis and Dickinson had nearly reached the points they wished in order to open the attack, but Christie had not quite reached his position, when the signal was heard. Lewis and Dickinson rushed in. Unfortunately, Christie's men set up a tremendous yelling, and began to rush toward the scene of action. The Indians, with much presence of mind, retreated in the direction where there was no noise, and what happened to be the course most favorable for their escape, so they succeeded in making good their retreat with but a slight loss of life. One warrior came into camp, after a short lull, and dodged from tree to tree, escaping the shots discharged and the tomahaws and stones thrown at him until he reached his gun, and then he darted off, apparently unharmed. Blame was attached to Major Vance for being in too much of a hurry in giving the signal for the attack, but he and his companion made what was decided to be a good excuse. Major Vance said they happened on two Indians, one leading a horse the other holding a buck upon it, and they were coming in a direction by which they would unavoidably be discovered. So it was thought better to shoot them than be discovered, and the Indians in camp have timely warning of the approach of the pursuers. All the plunder of any value found in camp; horses, blankets, guns, knives, pots, and kettles, was taken to Waynesboro, and about twelve hundred dollars realized by their sale.

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KILLED!

HAM COLLINS KILLED BY CHAS. SLAVIN

Violent Death of a Noted Character.

Ham. Collins, the hero of a thousand escapades, the fiddler, and noted for the number of scrapes through which he has come unharmed, came to his death from a shot from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin, on Cheat Mountain, in the upper part of Pocahontas County, last Saturday evening about dusk.

Green Bank district is without a magistrate, so Justice William H. Grose, of Huntersville, was sent for to hold an inquest, Slavin being arrested charged with the crime.

THE JURY.

A jury consisting of the following gentlemen was empaneled at the home of the dead man: G. D. Oliver, W. A. Gladwell, John H. Ralston, J. P. Wooddell, P. H. Hamilton, and C. C. Arbogast, with Dr. L. L. Little attending physician.

THE EVIDENCE.

The evidence given below is the substance of the testimony of Jasper Varner, Frank Houchin, Lee Collins, and Peter Kramer: It seems that Ham. Collins, Lee Collins, Jasper Varner, and Peter Kramer were coming from Cheat Bridge down the mountain to the Slavin Cabin, where Ham. lived. Ham, who had been drinking, stopped to talk to a man near Robert Kerr's place. Jasper Varner went back to join him, the crowd having passed on, and about the time they overtook their companions, Varner and Collins came to blows. Collins beat and abused Varner terribly; nearly biting his nose off, for one thing. This was about a quarter of a mile from Ham's house, and near Charles Slavin's home. Slavin heard the fuss and took his Winchester rifle and started for the scene, thinking that it was his brother that who was in a fight. He met Varner, who was coming away beaten and bruised, and who told him what was up. Slavin went on and talked to Ham in a friendly manner, until Kramer said, "Do you take up Collins' and Varner's fight?" Slavin said, "Don't know that I am!" and took his gun off his shoulder. It seems that the whole crowd, and Frank Houchin, who had come up with Slavin, joined in a struggle to disarm Slavin. In the effort, the struggling group went over the roadside, and the gun was discharged, the bullet entered the ground. Slavin then wrenched the gun away, and jumping aside a few steps, shot Ham, who was standing motionless a few yards away. Ham said "I'm killed," and fell, and as he fell, Slavin fired again. Both balls took effect in the left side and passed entirely through the body, one near the heart. Slavin went to Grat Slavin's, and Ham was carried home.

SLAVIN'S EVIDENCE.

The testimony of the prisoner varied in some particulars. He said that he took his gun down to throw it aside and fight Kramer with his fist, claiming he had insulted him by his words. That when they tried to disarm him he resisted, and that when he found himself free, he mechanically threw a ball in his Winchester, and that Ham started towards him with a drawn dirk. There was no knife of this kind found at the place of the tragedy.

THE VERDICT.

"We the jury find that the deceased Ham. Collins comes to his death from two shots from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin."

The dead man was buried at the Hoover graveyard on Tuesday. He was a man aged about fifty years, of immense frame, and has had a checkered career. It is said that he saved the life of Gen. C. C. Watts, of Charleston, at one time by catching on his arm a blow aimed at Gen. Watts' head. His arm was broken. He had a row in Randolph county, broke jail and came to Pocahontas. He went to Bath on a trip in 1893, had a big fight at the Hot Springs, was arrested and broke jail there. He came back and moved from Clover Creek to Cheat Mountain. He leaves several children.

Charles Slavin is a native of Pocahontas, and is quite a young man. He was tried a few years ago for cutting a man, but was cleared of the charge of felony on the grounds of self defense. He is in jail at Huntersville.

As usual in such cases there is much feeling aroused. Slavin is well connected and well liked and many who are in a position to judge assert his action was justifiable.

All the country has said that there was sure to be blood spilt between Collins and the Slavin's, and Slavin was once held up by Collins. The evidence given to our readers this week is against Slavin but the public will do well to bear in mind that there are two sides to this case and the prisoner has much evidence in his favor not yet produced.

Public sentiment is with Slavin.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Patterson, of Huntersville, has been quite a sufferer much of the winter from rheumatic troubles; much relieved, however, at present.

Miss Jones closed her pleasant school at Mr. Rueker's, and returned to her eastern Virginia home last week.

Mr. Louis Yeager taught the public school at Huntersville quite acceptably to his patrons, and has finished his term. He is now canvassing for an interesting book.

Aunt Betsy McLaughlin is about well from her severe fall upon the icy ground at Mr. C. L. Moore's.

Mr. William Anderson from Pendleton County, passed through Marlinton last Thursday in search of Greenbrier cattle.

Miss Lucy Curry, of Huntersville, is visiting friends in Hillsboro and vicinity.

Wyllis McComb has sold his property on Cumming's Creek, and thinks of locating at Huntersville.

The concert of sacred music at Driscoll was well attended, led by Professors Friel, Herold, and White.

A recent letter from Colonel Turk gives information of his conferring with parties with a view to a high school in the public buildings about to be vacated.

Calls were made at this office on court-day by Messrs. Isaac McNeel, William Gibson, George W. Callison, Robert Gibson, A. W. McNeel, and John R. Moore. All having an eye to the necessities of the editor.

Perry Buzzard was here on business last week.

W. A. Bratton, attorney, and E. I. Holt, Esq., returned from a business trip to Baltimore.

Capt. C. B. Swecker attended court, and auctioneered the sale of the Crummett building.

Mr. Crook, of Toledo, Ohio, was here to contract for furniture for the new court-house.

Mr. Manly met the court as usual.

Rev. Charles Fultz and wife were in Marlinton last Saturday.

Miss Mary Brown, of Green Bank, is visiting her brother, S. L. Brown, Esq., and her numerous friends in Marlinton.

Prize Sayings.

London *Tit-bits* offered a prize for "bulls." The first one here presented was deemed the best. The others were also selected for their excellence.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for their recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrod paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. MHI Point, 10th, 4 days. Huntersville 15th, 3 days. Green Bank 19th, 3 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

—The road between this place and Ronceverte is muddy beyond all belief.

GRAND FOOTBALL MATCH!

MARLINTON V. MINGO.

Mingo Club again Victorious.

FOUR GOALS TO ONE!

A well contested game

An enjoyable match between "Marlinton Football Club" and "Mingo Football Club" having been played at Marlinton, on January 20th, in which the former Club was defeated by four goals to none, great excitement prevailed over the "Return Football Match," which took place at Mingo Flat, on Saturday, February 10th., the "Flower of America" was once more pitted against the "Chivalry of England," resulting in a splendid game of a friendly and cordial description.—The "Return Match" was looked forward to, with interest of the keenest description by the members of both clubs, and it was universally agreed that the champions of the "Star-spangled banner" would, in all probability, make a better flight of it with the "Heroes of the Union Jack," since the former club brought a stronger team into the field, although the Englishmen, also, had a stronger eleven, than that which played at Marlinton.—A fortnight ago, grave fears were entertained that the match could not be played on account of the inclement weather, which we have recently experienced; but "Fortune favours the brave!"—and the weather on Saturday was all that could be desired. The day was bright, and sunny, with just enough breeze to make the delight of running "After the Ball" more of a pleasure than a toil. The match was one of the pleasantest description, there was nothing to mar the enjoyment, and the whole of the proceedings went off without a hitch.

The Englishmen's football ground is situated in a level field, (kindly lent for the "noble pastime" by that hale and hearty veteran, Mr. John Wood), adjoining "Newmarker," Mr. Archie Bruce's picturesque dwelling.—The ground is double the size of that belonging to the Marlinton Club, and proved to be in tip top condition for play, so that a much finer game than the first match, was witnessed by those who happened to be the lucky spectators.

A large number of people put in an appearance to view this "trial of strength" between the two rival nations; and all evinced much interest in the contest. There was an audience of about 150 people, including a good sprinkling of the "fair sex." Before commencing play, the two teams underwent the mystic ceremony of photography, under the skillful manipulation of two "professors of the black art," Messrs. Jack Langworthy and Charlie H. Fennell. The Marlinton team wore black shirts, and the Mingo team wore white shirts.

At 2 p. m., play commenced, Mingo club defending the goal, situated near the mountains, whilst Marlinton club protected the goal near the Mingo road. The wind, (what little there was of it), blew towards the mountains, during the first "half" of the game, and thus slightly favored the Marlintonians.

Marlinton "won the toss," and the match began in real earnest. The Mingoists followed up hard, Mr. Hazelrigg getting hold of the ball, and taking it up the

field. A series of "outs" then occurred, the ball repeatedly going over the line, and being thrown in; but, with the ball more in the centre of the field, Mr. Andrew Price (Captain) made a brilliant "run up" a try for goal, which was saved by the massive English goal keeper, Mr. Reginald Take, who made a most artistic drop kick. Mr. Grews the collared the ball, with the able assistance of Messrs. B. Earnshaw and Montgomery, and it up into the Marlinton territory, where a "scrimmage" took place, in which the Mingo "Sullivan" did fearful work. It was soon seen that this match would prove a hard fought battle, for both teams played up with great energy, and it was observed that the Americans had very much improved in their style of playing since the first match, for they acted more in concert, and did not play such a "selfish game." It was evident that they intended to be thorough in the side of the Englishmen, and that Mr. J. H. G. Wilson had been educating his team to some purpose. Some good all-round play ensued, Mr. "Pat" Simmons finally getting away the ball; but his onslaught was stopped by Mr. Galleo Earnshaw, who had a game shot at goal. Upon the ball being kicked out, Mr. Norman Price, Wilson and Simmons (who used his head, as well as his feet), worked the ball up the whole length of the ground, in effective style, thus enabling Mr. J. Yeager to have a long "shot" at goal. Now, for the first time is heard the sound of the shrill whistle from Mr. J. Langworthy, who so successfully discharged the arduous duties of "umpire." It is a case of the inevitable "Hands!", and Marlinton indulged in the luxury of the first "free kick," which resulted in the ball going into "touch," and a gigantic kick from Take sent the ball back well into play, which consisted of some loose "scrimmaging" in the Home Team's "quarter." The ball went "out" several times, just as if the ground was not wide enough for its "bounce!"

"Pat" Montgomery then made a good dribble, which was stopped by the Marlinton "backs," who forced up the ball, but Mr. William Langworthy repelled their attack. Price and Wilson made a dashing "run up," both of them working hard and well together, during the whole course of the game. However the Mingo "200 pounder" swooped down the field "like a wolf on the fold!" and secured for Mingo a "corner kick," which Mr. Chapman (Hon. Secretary) kicked out. Mr. Ligon Marshall kicked into play once again, and L. Smith "run up," Mr. L. Yeager having a long "shot" at goal; but the Mingo invincible goal keeper handled the ball out.—Some good, hard play followed in centre of the ground. Mr. Pyatt Marshall's kicking, as "fallback," being "clean out of sight." A. Price made dashing play, but being badly "backed up," failed to score a goal. Take gave a long "kick-out," the ball being carried back by Jim Smith (the "Infant Phenomenon!") but Hazelrigg passed well to B. Earnshaw, and N. Price put in good "head work."—Wilson made a brilliant run up, which was succeeded by a "foul," Mr. Fennell kicking the dead ball again into play. Another "free kick" was secured for Mingo, near the Visitors' goal line, and Chapman took one of those long, low shots, for which he is so justly celebrated, at goal.

The Visitors now ran the ball up,

but Hobden was impassable, and B. Earnshaw running up the ball, Grews kicked the first goal (which just went inside the post) for Mingo, amid cheers, after twenty minutes' excellent play upon both sides. The ball being again kicked off, some loose play in the centre ensued. For some time there was no special individual play, each man of both teams,—both forwards and backs,—doing his duty manfully and well. The ball was kept some time in the Home Team's "quarter," until Hazelrigg ran up, well supported by Fennell, until the "white shirts" had a "look in," Wilson sprinting up, well backed by Mr. J. Yeager. Grews made a good run, which was stopped by the formidable figure of Mr. W. McLaughlin. Wilson made a desperate attack on Mingo goal, his play, all through the game, being of a first class style, whilst his reiterated shouts of "Shoot! Shoot!" caused much merriment among the onlookers. B. Earnshaw and A. Marshall, somehow, got mixed up, and, upon being sorted out, the ball was carried to the Visitors' quarter, and Bill Langworthy sent out a "corner kick."

Play remained in the centre for some time. "That's hard work! I bet they'll be sore! They'll want some of 'Ayer's Limbocation!'"—Such and similar were the remarks of the spectators, whenever there was an extra tough scrimmage.

B. Earnshaw and L. Yeager collided, and produced laughter, which was, however, drowned by vociferous yells of "Play up! Play up!" from Will McLaughlin, who (oh! "tell it not in a 'Prohibition State'") it appears, had been sampling, with the Marlinton goal keeper, a so called "cough-mixture," of unknown strength and quality; but, probably, "over proof!"

These cries, doubtless, inspired his comrades to deeds of valour and prowess! Montgomery, Hazelrigg, and the Brothers Earnshaw worked the ball down, and secured a corner kick. The Mingo "Pat" incited his men with cries of "kick her up!" whilst the Marlinton "Pat" performed those head feats, for which he is so renowned. Wilson led a "forlorn hope," battling with half a dozen "white shirts," and it was probably due to his ferocious kicking, that the ball burst, at this period of the game. The ball being put to rights Fennell did desperate work, whilst Chapman bore down like an "iron-clad man-of-war," upon A. Marshall, who, luckily, "remains to tell the tale!" Wilson took up the running, well backed by A. Marshall. "Adam! play up like a man!" was the war cry. Grews, who is very fast and wiry, got away with the ball, on the left wing, but Wilson brought back the sphere dangerously near Mingo goal, but Take remained impassive at his post, and stopped the "toy" with his hands. Some excellent fast play made things hot for the visitors, who returned "tit for tat" by giving the Mingo Captain "one in the bread basket;" but as he is as hard as nails, no harm was done.

"Half Time!" was now called, there having been 45 minutes of keen, hard play, in which the Marlinton Club decidedly had the best of it, although the Mingo Club had been lucky enough to secure the much coveted goal. There was a quarter of an hour's welcome interval, the players cooling their parched tongues with lemons, and watching the eccentric play of a few "young hopefuls," who were determined, at any rate, not to give the

ball a rest! The "P. M. A." leather belts of the Marlintonians were examined with interest. No serious casualties had occurred, as the game had been most peaceful, and Will McLaughlin's blood stained mouth alone bore testimony to the hard kicking powers of B. Earnshaw! In fact, this was, by no means a "naturalis quart d'heure!" Very much the reverse, of the gallant players!

The teams "changed ends," and at 3 p. m. play was resumed, and by this time, the wind had entirely dropped, and the weather was finer than ever. A. Price took the ball very near Mingo goal, but Take kicked it back "clean out of time!" "Hands!" again, and Marlinton turned their "free kick" to good advantage, for Lu Yeager raced off with the ball, and Wilson was rewarded for his vigorous efforts, by kicking a neat goal, the ball striking the cross bar and bounding through the goal posts in a manner which defied the vigilance of the Mingo goal keeper. Wilson was greeted with cheers which he richly deserved.

This goal was obtained within 10 minutes of the resumption of play, and the state of the game being now one goal for each Club, matters became exciting. Each Club had its partisans, but, loud above all, could be heard Tim Baker's resonant shouts of "Come ahead! Right up! Marlinton!"

Hazelrigg treated us to some pretty play, threading his way the visitors' forwards and backs. The "black shirts" secured a corner kick, which was "muddled" by A. Price, and then Grews passed the ball to Hazelrigg—a synonym for getting the ball up to the Marlinton goal line! Several "throw outs" passed the time, on the Mingo left wing, until the monotony was relieved by a hand to hand tussle between Fennell and A. Price, the ball making its way to Mingo, right wing, thus enabling the persevering left wing to take a breathing spell, of which Bill Langworthy made good use. Montgomery and B. Earnshaw made a "noble run up" ending in a corner kick by Montgomery.

B. Earnshaw and W. Yeager kissed "Mother Earth" in a firm but unaffected manner, leaving Grews and Langworthy to have a combined "shoot" at goal, which was smartly saved by Ligon Marshall. The visitors carried the ball down, but "Hobden won't miss it!" was the exclamation of a spectator, and he didn't! thus sending the ball well forward, and Hazelrigg, getting hold of it, kicked goal No. 2 for Mingo—after 25 minutes play—thus making Mingo ahead by one goal.

After the "kick off," Wilson made a sensational "run up" and A. Price secured a "corner kick." Hazelrigg caught hold of the ball, and showed that he is very "great" at ball rolling! The war was waged in the Marlinton territory, and three "good men and true" fell all of a heap, in the scrimmage. Wilson, in spite of Chapman's grinding his teeth and "charging" "all he knew," to kick the ball forward, but a "noble kick" from Take equalised matters. W. Yeager and Grews carried hard but no bones were broken! Wilson made a dash up but Platt Marshall went for him like a mad bull, causing his opponent to fly in an opposite direction. Pat Simmons got a run up and Lu Yeager (who although only scaling

(Continued on last page.)

office on Wednesday.

A Startling Discovery.

The County Court made a most startling discovery at its session last week, and will regulate its movements accordingly. When they found that the prisoners in the Marlinton jail were being fed on hot rolls, spring chicken, cranberry sauce, new laid eggs, hot-house vegetables, and the like, they were very much alarmed, and will lay strict injunctions on the new jailer to feed them in a less luxurious manner. They fear an over-crowded jail next winter, and do not propose to make the new jail a resort for epicures.

It is thought, the danger being discovered in time, that the people need not fear that boarding of the prisoners will cause a war levy to be laid. Every body can see that if the hard times keep up there might be a great number of dead-beats to be fostered at the expense of the public.

The Meachan Railroad.

HOME NEWS

—Go to J. D. Pullin & Co. for fancy groceries, jelly, apple-butter, etc.

—Mr. J. Rock has taken charge of the McClintic mill and is giving satisfaction to customers.

—In Tucker county several indictments were made against merchants for selling cigarettes to boys.

—Just received at J. D. Pullin & Co's. a nice line of gents and ladies fine shoes; at lowest market prices. Give us a call.

—The late act requires two days work to be put on the road by the overseer with all the hands of his district before June 1st.

—The Dewing Company have finished the work at Cheat Bridge, and have moved their camp down the river to a point about eight miles above Elkins.

—During the recent flood there was a log jam in Cheat River composed of 5,000,000 feet of timber. The water was dammed up twenty feet above the bank. It was photographed.

—The Hinton Independent-Herald is now wned by a somewhat different company, Mr. H. Jordan retiring. The new firm, under the style of Warren & Co., is comprised of Hon. George W. Warren, Howard Templeton, and Frank Peyton.

—The new county of Mingo is falling into danger. There is to be an election over a county-seat contest. The town of Williamson, a thriving railroad town, is the present county-seat, but the petitioners propose to move it to a place called Rock House, on Pidgeon Creek.

—From nameless indications it is to be inferred that much interest in masonry prevails in the Huntersville Lodge. The diffusion of peace, comfort, and good will may be anticipated in a community so favored. So mote it be.

—At Basic City, Va., they got up a great fox chase lately. There were hundreds of horses, forty hounds, and three foxes. The foxes were let loose and given a start and the whole cavalcade came thundering after. Two of the foxes were recaptured and the other one was a total loss.

—Every body who amounts to anything has a cold these days. All seem to be affected alike. A hoarseness is noticed, and the head hurts. All through the body the paralyzing influence of lagrippe is felt. There seems to be no special remedy except to see the doctor, and he puts the ingredients into a bottle—one for each disease you have—and gives you a teaspoonful. The main thing is to keep up the tone of the system, avoid the use of liquor and tobacco, and keep warm and dry.

—The lumbermen have been afforded much high water during the past week. The Cumberland Lumber Co. left this place last Friday, and could bring the rear along as fast as they could walk. A fine ark was built by John A. Taylor, with the house part 110 ft long. This ark went by Sunday at least twenty miles behind the drive. D. O'Connell has a drive up Knapp's Creek yet. Capt. Smith's drive must be pretty well done by this time. Commodore Peters, of Ronceverte, was in town and informs that the mill there is cutting over 100,000 feet of lumber daily.

—A writer in the Richmond Dispatch from Highland county, shows a pardonable pride in the statement that there is not a bar-room or distillery in his county. We boast of the same felicity in Pocahontas, but it would not do to leave the impression that the intoxicant associated with the thought of a bar-room is not the usual old familiar juice to our citizens. As a matter of fact, the absence of bar-rooms causes the importation of a vast deal of liquor in bulk. So it will not do to bank too much on the lack of bar-rooms, for the system of supply of these counties is not a whit less sure, only more secret, and, therefore, more dangerous to the beginner. It is hard to tell sometimes whether it is harder to fight the drink evil when it is in the open or under cover.

—A legal controversy at Edray is exciting much comment and interest. It is a case between Eugene Sandridge and Mrs. M. F. Ruckman, in an action of detinue for the recovery of the possession of a certain mare until "cornplanting." One claims that the mare was to be his for use until that time for having wintered her. The defendant sets up that the mare was to remain with the plaintiff until she was wanted at home, and gives in evidence of illtreatment. The first trial came off at Edray last Thursday, attorneys Bratton and Price making the fight for the respective parties. The jury hung. The amount of the costs of the case already is three times what the mare is worth, and the case is just where it was when begun. Such is law.

—Several firms are competing for the privilege of furnishing the new court-house. Mr. W. A. Bratton, attorney for a Chicago house, has submitted a bid. The bids made lead you to infer that \$3000 is the sum necessary to furnish the rooms in style with the manner in which they are finished. This includes steel fittings for vaults, desks, tables, chairs, and furniture generally. It is absolutely essential that this furniture should be bought, for nothing would look more grotesque than to occupy the building with the old seats and pine tables now on hand. We must have things to conform, for the new court-house would be a very cheerless place without the fittings and would be regarded with feelings of disappointment.

—Mr. J. W. Hevener, who is refitting his flouring-mill, on the head of the James River, in Highland County, is pushing the work toward completion. The engine purchased by Mr. Hevener to propel the new machinery is a forty-horse-power, and a relic of the Goshen boom, having been placed there by a rolling mill company in the reckless days of 1891 and 1892, and was bought by Mr. Hevener at a great sacrifice. The boiler weighs 9,000 pounds, and was a heavy burden to bear across our mountains. When completed this mill will have a daily output of thirty barrels, the largest capacity of any mill in this section of the country.

—The old lady Conrad who died recently in Gilmor County at the age of 120 years, was probably the oldest person in the United States. Her maiden name was Mace. When about 100 years ago she married her husband, her father in law opposed the match on the grounds that she was a witch. He had a lot of trouble while he remained at enmity with her, and this and the advanced age she reached would give color to the theory of old Captain Conrad, of Braxton, formed so many years ago.

—The latest news of Capt. Smith and his drive, was that he had a million feet of timber jammed in a certain bend of Anthony's Creek. Col. O'Connell says that he has had a similar jam at the same place, that cost him \$2000 to loosen up. We hope that the report is at least exaggerated.

—The coal region of the eastern states, lies within the boundaries of nine states; of these West Virginia leads with 17,000 square miles of land underlaid with coal. Pennsylvania comes next, with 12,300 square miles, and so on rapidly decreasing to Georgia, which has 170 square miles.

—The cigarette law imposing a fine of \$500 on cigarette dealers will go into effect about May 20th. It is not likely that cigarettes will be sold outside of large cities.

—The postoffice at Dunmore will be removed on the 1st of April. The present postmaster, Capt. C. B. Swecker, has held the position for fifteen years, and during all that time has given perfect satisfaction.

—Monday, March 25th, from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Clearance sale. Everything for actual cost for two hours. Don't miss this opportunity of securing some of the grand bargains that will be offered.

P. GOLDEN.

—Preaching service at Sunset on the 24th inst at 11 a. m., and at Indian Draft on the 31st inst at 11 a. m. by Rev. W. T. Price.

—J. D. Pullins & Co. will soon have in stock a full line of gents' and ladies' furnishing goods.

MARLINTON WINS

THE HOME TEAM DEFEATS THE MINGO TEAM. SCORE SEVEN TO ONE.

The Concert a Great Success.

Our town was very much enlivened last Saturday by the presence of the Englishmen from Mingo, who had come to play the first game of the annual football match. There was a large crowd of interested spectators to see the game, though the day was very stormy. The game was called at about 2 p. m. Marlinton won the choice of goals and chose the northern goal from whence the wind was blowing a gale. The ball went into the Mingo territory and remained there pretty much during the first three-quarters of an hour, during which Marlinton kicked five goals. Goals were then exchanged, and though the home team worked against the wind, they were able to score two goals in the second half to Mingo's one. The teams were cheered on by an enthusiastic crowd. While the play was necessarily a little rough, none of the players sustained a serious hurt, and there was no contention whatever. The faultlessly attired umpire, Mr. T. Ricketts, was caught in a scrimmage over the ball at one time, thrown down and trampled on and very painfully injured. The visiting team played in a bright scarlet uniform which made the game easily watched, as the players were easily distinguished from the ominous black of the home team. The return match is to be played at Mingo on April 13th, and as several of the best Mingo players were unable to be at Marlinton, the home team will have to prepare for a hard struggle to retain their laurels.

THE CONCERT.

An impromptu concert was arranged for the evening. The singers were members of the two teams and some Marlinton ladies and gentlemen. The court-house was crowded with an appreciative audience. Misses Daisy Yeager, Mollie Smith, and Susie Price lent their musical aid to the occasion. Mr. Arthur Lawson in the role of Lottie Collins, was one of the great cards. Mr. W. A. Bratton's songs were all well received by the delighted audience. Mr. G. Tompkins was called the PRIMA DONNA of Mingo, and his songs reached the spot. Mr. Tim A'Hern, the inimitable, in his "Remember, boy, you're Irish," touched a chord in each one's heart.

Owing to limited space we cannot give a longer account of the game or concert, but before closing we, in the name of the people of the town, wish to thank the visitors for the gala day they afforded the village, and to wish for a speedy repetition of their visit.

The gentlemen themselves ask us to express their thanks for the kindness shown them by the citizens of the town during their stay.

Goodman Cleared.

It seems incredible that Goodman should be cleared of the charge of murder for the killing of Col. Parsons. At the time the killing occurred, it was considered by many an out and out murder. Goodman sought for Parsons in an angry frame of mind and for the purpose of quarrelling. They met in the office of a famous hotel at Clifton Forge, Va. Parsons was without arms and was shot and killed. Goodman was first tried and sentenced to a term of eighteen years in the penitentiary. This was not considered a harsh sentence; the wonder was rather that he escaped with his neck. He obtained a new trial, and the result is a triumphant acquittal. His defense was that Parsons was reaching for a pistol when he shot him. Virginia juries must faintly realize the solemnity of homicide if this is the price they put on it. Anything rather than to turn such a character loose again.

Particular Notice.

Quite a number of copies of last week's issue were destroyed by the rain, through the carelessness of the mail carrier. If you missed last week's copy, this is what became of it. Some of the papers were reduced to pulp. We will settle with the carrier later on.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden. J. R. Foss, Edray, W. Va.

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\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

News to Us.

(Greenbrier Independent.)

A special of the 14th inst. from Monterey, Va., to the Staunton *Daily News*, tells the following story of a terrible outrage near Travelers' Repose, in Pocahontas county:

"Last Friday Mrs. Dora Tracy, accompanied by her little boy, went to Travelers' Repose to make some purchases at the store. It was quite late when she left the store, and the little boy, who was walking, gave out and was left by his mother at a neighbor's house, she riding on alone. When within one-half mile of her home two unknown men stepped out in the road and caught her horse by the bridle and dragged her off and took her about thirty yards into the brush and outraged her—each one repeating the dastardly act several times. After completing the terrible deed they drew pistols and said, 'We will kill you if you ever tell this.' They left her in the brush, where she was found a short time afterwards by her neighbors in an almost dying condition. The neighborhood is in a state of excitement, and if the guilty parties are found they will be summarily dealt with. Suspicion points to two certain men in the vicinity.

"This terrible outrage occurred within a few miles of the scene of the Ham Collins murder. Mrs. Tracy is a respectable middle-aged widow lady, her husband having been shot a few years ago by David Bright."

If there has been an occurrence of this kind it has been kept very quiet, and it has not been reported at the county-seat.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 29, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE editor of this paper has done many foolish and unoriginal things, and many deeds of which he is ashamed, but he has never written an editorial entitled "Whither Are We Drifting."

In Charleston the Huling Club, a Republican organization, have expelled Messrs. Eugene Dana, John Slack, and Bill Dave Goshorn for supporting the Democratic nominee for Mayor.

In Frederick County, Va., Thornton Parker attempted to commit a rape upon a white woman on the 7th of this month. On the 15th he was sentenced to hang for the crime. This is the way to discourage lynching, but it looks as though it were all one to the negro, unless he stands on the order of his going.

THE writer is one of those fanatics who claim that the one thing needful in our county to-day is a railroad. To hear the specious arguments that are advanced by some that a railroad would be disadvantageous to the prosperity of our people, reminds us of the objection the old farmer made to the putting up of a telegraph line through his farm, because he did not want the news carried all over the country every time he licked one of his young ones. This objection being overcome, he contended that "he heard tell how the telegraph killed the corn." If our people produced their dry goods and groceries, and made their farming implements as they once did, we could get along better. But we have got to be too progressive. We are continually buying things which have been imported, and our broad acres are more of an expense than profit. We are cursed, too, with a large and smooth, but swift-flowing river, which is admirably fashioned for carrying everything out of the county, but even the light rowboats of the lumbermen cannot come back into the county by the river, but must be hauled in over high mountains. In the era of prosperity which is now beginning, let us hope that some of the many companies will complete a line which will open up this county. We are tired of hurting horses' backs by the long and tiresome rides to the depot, and announce our intention of only waiting about twenty years longer, and if the railroad does not come by that time, we will vacate the premises and go forth to seek our railroad.

Historical Fact Disputed.

All people who are fond of stating hypothetical cases, and using the word "if" a great deal, have been often reminded by their friends that "If the Dog had not stopped to take a drink he would have caught the Rabbit." These persons will be glad to know that there was no such occurrence as this, at least so a gentleman of this town informed his hearers, but that all that had given rise to this caustic illustration, which sets the best of us back, was that the Dog had gone out to take a drink and the Rabbit saw him and ran off. A Man was standing near and either mistakenly or designedly invented the above reply to be used when hypothetical cases were put to him. It does the Dog an injustice and irritates the supposer, and so it is well that the tale has been exploded.

Outrage Upon Mrs. Tracy.

About two weeks ago it was reported that there had been an outrage committed upon a defenceless woman in the upper part of Pocahontas. We had inquired into the matter as thoroughly as possible, and had come to the conclusion that there was no truth in the report, and therefore made no mention of it in these columns. In the meantime the news was spread far and wide by the daily papers. We have copied a clipping from the Staunton News on the outside of this week's paper under which doubt of the authenticity of the account is expressed. Since then we have heard the report confirmed from a reliable source, and it seems that though the people of the county did not get up in arms to hunt the ravers down, yet there was a crime committed in a most secluded section of the county—a crime at the thought of which the civilized world stands aghast.

On that snowy evening in March Mrs. Tracy was dragged from her horse to become the victim of two white fiends. The horse continued on its way home where it arrived with a bit of torn skirt on the saddle. Thinking that she had been thrown from the horse, her friends went to look for her and traced the way the ruffians had hurried her by means of her torn clothing. She was in a most deplorable condition when found. The men were strangers, but she thinks that she could recognize them.

This report is a little tardy, but it was through abundant caution that we refrained from taking the report of the Staunton daily, rather relying on the fact that there was no excitement manifested in this part of the county. The neighborhood, however, is removed from any direct communication with the county-seat, and that may account for it.

A Great Speech.

A lawyer, whose eloquence was of the spread-eagle sort, was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Mr. B. is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored counsel.

"Oh, yes, Mr. B. always makes a great speech. If you, or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four, we'd just be fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so Mr. B. He would say:

"If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers, we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetic formula before-mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the two other integers would be four!"

This reminds us of an incident said to have occurred in Lord Justice Davey's court, in which the Lord Justice is said to have asked Mr. Oswald to "kindly state to the Court the exact point of law that he was obscuring by his eloquence."—The Law Student's Helper.

Glover Lick.

There is some sickness in Dr. Ligon's family.

James meeks is better.

Mr. S. B. Hannah brought a fine lot of cattle to his place the other day, which he will graze here.

Mr. Philip Kramer has gone to Highland county to attend a land sale.

Some one robbed Mr. Sharp's potato store the other day.

TREMBLE, MISCREANT!

We would be glad if the one who borrowed John Doyle's ax last fall would return the same to same.

PREACHING APPOINTMENTS.

Providence permitting, Rev. E. F. Alexander will preach at Driftwood Saturday at 10 a. m., and at Split Rock on the fifth Sunday of March at ten a. m. and at Mary's Chapel at 3 p. m., and at the Price School House, at 7 p. m. of that day.

PUMPKINHEAD.

A new paper called the West Virginia Journal of Commerce is to be started at Grafton. It is to be a developer.

THE many friends of Brevet Major Gen. Henry Capehart, late Colonel of the First West Virginia Cavalry, will learn with pleasure that he has been awarded a medal of Honor by the President for most distinguished gallantry in action in saving under fire the life of a soldier who was in imminent danger of drowning at Greenbrier River W. Va., May 25, 1864.—Hancock County Independent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice to Contractors.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER For repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas county. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by April 3d.

E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

R. K. BURNS,

Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,

J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, poliole, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,

Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,

Academy, W. Va. 1256m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00

per meal 25

lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

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Attempted Robbery.

A very sensational occurrence took place at the residence of Mr. William H. Dilley, at Dilley's Mill on Monday night of last week. Mr. Dilley's house is isolated, there being no near neighbors. It is known as the chief stopping place for travelers between Dunmore and Huntersville. About sunset of that night a well dressed tramp came to the house by a path which he could only have discovered by making a detour from the public road. He asked to stop for the night, stating that he had no money to pay for his lodging. He was taken in to be given a night's lodging.

About eighteen months ago Mr. Dilley's father's house, in this neighborhood, was ransacked and robbed, and since then it has been his custom to lock and bolt his doors at dusk. That night everything was locked and made secure as usual. The stranger, who had given no name, was evidently acting a part and endeavoring to appear a wild and unreasoning crank, but his part was not well assumed and his listeners could but suspicion that he was not as foolish as he would make it appear.

About 8 o'clock the stealthy footsteps of a group of men were heard on the porch, and instantly the door was tried. The rattling continued for some minutes until Mr. Dilley and stood armed before it with a Winchester rifle and pistol. Ligon Marshall stood watch over the tramp stranger.

Just as Mr. Dilley was about to fire through the door, and the party in the house had remained as silent as those trying to force an entrance, the stranger uttered a loud, weird cry that curdled the blood of the inmates of the house, and which was unmistakably a signal of danger to the attacking party. Those outside retreated instantly. Then the stranger begged to be allowed to go, but he was refused the privilege, Mr. Dilley accusing him of being in league with the house-breakers. Directly Mr. Dilley opened the door pistol in hand, and the tramp slipped by him and ran.

Mr. Dilley followed but lost his trail, and on going to his brother's Amos Dilley, to warn him to look well to his horses, found him there. The distance between the houses is about two miles.

This was undoubtedly an attempt to rob the proprietor of that lonely house at Dilley's Mill, and fits in with the plan pursued in all the robberies which have occurred so frequently in the last four years. The thieves come in the evening between supper-time and bedtime, hold up the inmates of the house and go through it systematically. The only thing which foiled them in this attempt was the precaution that the owner of this house had taken according to his invariable practice of locking his doors at dusk, and opening them only when the voice of him who is seeking admittance is recognized.

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ap, New River, the Chesapeake and Ohio could no longer control the coal market of this entire section by reason of the superior quality of fuel it claims to, and does, at present, supply."

Cross-Country Steeplechase At Mingo.

The above sporting event took place on Thursday, March 28th, in superb weather. The course was flagged out, over the Ward Fields, (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. E. Ward, of Lee Bell), which lie on the top of Mingo Hill, and was 1½ miles in length, with six log fences as jumps, which had to be negotiated by the horses.

There were several awkward twists and turns in the course—such as to try the mettle of the runners. The "going" was all that could be desired, the recent change in the weather having dried up the land. Mingo Hill afforded a splendid natural "grand-stand" for the crowd of spectators, who mustered up in great force, whilst the rocks and other "coigns of vantage" were taken possession of by enthusiastic sportsmen at an early hour in the afternoon. The "fair sex" graced the festive scene with their presence, and we noticed Mrs. A. D. Bruce, Mrs. B. H. Tuke, and Miss Earnshaw, all mounted on good-looking "palfreys," whilst Miss Ellen Bevan appeared "on wheels," accompanied by the "son and heir" of Newmarket, who thus made his debut on the turf. "More power to his elbow!"

Nine horses faced the "Official Starter," (Mr. James Hebden), who was decked out in his "Sunday best," and looked "every inch a gentleman!" The following are the names of horses and riders, with the order they finished in:

| | |
|--|---|
| L. Tuke's Tom, (owner).....1 | E. Hales' Harkaway, (B. Earnshaw)....2 |
| E. Brook Hunt's Agent, (J. Dunk).....3 | E. Hebden's Miss Muffet, (owner).....4 |
| S. L. Greas' Dandy Dick, (owner).....5 | A. D. Bruce's Mulhattan, (Hainstock)....6 |
| A. Bruce's Molly, (F. Anderson).....7 | E. Hale's Blunderbuss, (A. Bruce).....8 |
| H. Earnshaw's Confidence, (A. Lawson)....9 | |

Much regret was felt for Mrs. A. D. Bruce, whose entry, Harlequin, got crippled on the very morning of the race, for he was a hot favorite for the event.

At 3 p. m. the start took place near "Fander's House," and it was soon evident that the spectators were to be treated to a "nip-and-tuck" race. The first fence was successfully negotiated by all the contestants, and away they raced, in a cluster, down the first meadow and across the Barny Lot Run, where no luckless wight got drenched, although the stream was swollen to unusual proportions. The second fence presented an awkward take-off, and the "field" soon got spread-eagled; but away they go,—the pace was too hot to inquire after damages! At the Trough-Spring School-House fence Mulhattan, (a strong favorite) swerved, and, as it would take a ten-acre field to turn him in, it was seen that his "bolt was shot!" Harkaway now took up the running, closely followed by Tom—both going at break-neck speed all down Mr. E. B. Ward's "Big Meadow," at the bottom of which there was a nasty jump, followed by a sharp turn at the gate by the "Ward Scales. The sporting owner of Dandy Dick (the famous winner of last year's point-to-point race) mistook the scales for a half-way house, and dismounted (against his will) to "get a drink!" A man was sent to this identical spot, on the following day, armed with a sack; but says he failed to pick up the pieces which are supposed to have been chipped off the renowned "Squire of Cheat Hall."

The "neck" was brought up by Molly (who was ridden, every ounce, by Frank Anderson, his first appearance over a steeplechase course), and Confidence, who seemed to be enjoying a go-as-you-please race all to themselves.

Over the river the horses dashed whilst the colors glittered gayly in the sun, and then the point to test the capabilities of the horses ap-

peared in view, in the shape of a short but steep hill, with a fence at top. Up this they crawled, Tom and Harkaway still leading, closely followed by Agent, with Miss Muffet, Blunderbuss, and Molly somewhat in the rear, the lot being whipped in by Dandy, (whose jockey now rode like a giant refreshed—after his big drink) and Confidence. Over this fence they came in the above order, which they maintained half way up the field, when Harkaway began to draw away from Tom. For a moment it appeared as if Harkaway would walk away, but Tom soon closed up, and the two came at the last fence at a racing pace. Tom hopped over, but Harkaway, catching the top rail, came down "wollop," leaving Tom to canter in an easy winner. Nothing daunted by his fall, the "Young Un" was up and on again, determined to get in for a place, while Agent, hard ridden, was being driven at his last fence. Harkaway's turn of speed enabled him to roll home second, but it was evident that the race for third place would be hardly contested, as Miss Muffet, catching up Agent just before the last fence, the two "flew" it together, and then Jimmy Dunk and Tommy Hebden (the coming feather-weight jock), sat down to ride "all they knew." Up the straight they came, neck and neck, and it appeared as if Miss Muffet would come in third, but by a piece of desperate riding, combined with good judgment and jockeyship, "Jimmy" won third honors for "John Bull" by half a length, amidst vociferous cheering. The beaming smile on our own "John Bull's" jovial "phiz" was the sweetest thing of the whole race!

Great credit is due to L. Tuke for his gallant win on that honest, good-all-around horse, Tom. He is hard to beat in any country.

Much thanks is due to Mr. E. B. Ward for his kindness in allowing the race to be held over his land, and all were pleased to see his handsome face in the crowd. All returned home well satisfied with their day's outing.

"I freely confess that most of my fun, I owe it to horse and to hound!"

Yours till the last whoop,

"THE CONFIDENCE MAN."

PLATO who stands at the head of his class as a wise and high minded philosopher, was forced by his reasonings to rest in the belief that matter was one of the two eternally existent principles, hence God's work simply consisted in molding matter into forms, and putting these forms to their respective uses. Others rejected this for the idea that matter is an emanation from God, so in the creation God put as it were a part of himself into the various forms under which nature exists. What Plato and all others taught conflicted more or less with the assertion that God created the heavens and the earth. Philosophers seemed to forget they were not present at the beginning of all things, and that such is the nature of creation that a knowledge of it is impossible, aside from super-human communication, dealing as such knowledge with a period of time and a process of energy preceding the existence of the human mind, and hence outside the limits of mental possibility.

On Feb. 3rd, while Rev. Elijah Tiller was crossing the mountain, between Rock House Fork and Main Pigeon, on his way to fill an appointment on Rock House Fork, he was torn from his horse, presumably by some wild animal, and killed. The pieces of his body were afterward found by Crockett Hatfield. We received this information from Pleasant Chafin.—Logan Banner.

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IN THE FLOOD!

A YOUNG LUMBERMAN DROWNED AT RONCEVERTE.

RONCEVERTE, W. VA., April 9.—

A distressing occurrence took place in the Ronceverte boom Monday morning about 10 o'clock, Mr. John Branham, a young man in the employ of the St. Lawrence Company, was standing on the boom logs, directing the logs, when a wave struck and threw him backwards into the river. He appeared but once and then sank. Great sympathy exists as he was a excellent young man. His parents reside in Ronceverte.

Pathetic Report!

THROUGH THE COOP!

THE TWO NEGRO PRISONERS PLAY THE JAILER A NASTY TRICK.

Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland, the notorious pair of negro burglars, upon whose capture and certain conviction the whole county was looking with feelings of deepest satisfaction, gave Jailer Siple the slip last Sunday night, and left him bemoaning his fate as a victim of misplaced confidence.

On that evening the jailer went into the jail to give the prisoners their supper and make everything ready for the night. The negroes were in a cell on the left hand side near the door of the corridor. The lever looking the cells was thrown, barring the cell doors, but the "dead-lock," which would have prevented the occurrence, was not adjusted, and this was the one little bit of negligence on the jailer's part. The jailer then unlocked the door of the corridor and went into a cell beyond where the negroes were confined to get a slop bucket. While he was in this cell the two prisoners clambered up the side of their cage, reached through the bars, and slid the levers back releasing the door, which could never have been done had the catch been adjusted to the lever. In an instant they were in the corridor, through the door, which Cumberland locked in the jailer's face. Just at this point the jailer would have given all he was worth to have had his hands on his trusty pistol which he had failed to bring along.

The occasion was evidently such that words were wholly superfluous, and none passed. The negroes ran through the hallway, out at the front door of the jail, and climbing the bluff back of the jail, passed by the cemetery and out of sight just about dusk. The jailer's wife liberated him in a few minutes, and the alarm was given.

THE CHASE.

In a few minutes a number of men were on the ground, among whom was the State's Attorney, Mr. L. M. McClintic. He placed a reward of \$200 upon them, assuring the crowd that if the County Court refused to ratify it, that it would be raised from the contributions of private citizens. There were a number of ready helpers at hand with arms and horses, eager for the chase, reward or no reward, for it has been said that of all exciting work nothing comes near that of hunting a man. In the direction the fugitives took there lie miles of unbroken wilderness, and if they kept to the woods search would be hopeless. It was universally supposed that they would steal horses and make for some railroad station. They would have the choice of Hot Springs, Millboro, White Sulphur, Ronceverte, Camden-on-the-Gauley, Pickens, Beverly, Elkins, or Davis as the point at which they might board a train. Runners were sent in all directions, and the roads of the county were well patrolled that night. This country has not seen in years such a rain as fell that night. The water came down in a perfect sheet. The roads were transformed into streams of water. The streams speedily became too high to be forded, and the condition of the fugitives in the wet brush can be imagined. They were very thinly clothed and without food. The writer is perfectly able to speak of that night, for he was out until three in the morning, and of all the storms to which he has ever been exposed; this was the worst. No sign of the men were discovered that night. The next morning waters of the county were all past riding, which would cut them off from any direction except to the north. On this morning Mrs. S. L. Brown saw a negro on the point of a high ridge overlooking the town. As no one lives in this direction, and no one could be there hunting at this time of year, the only conclusion that could be drawn was that it was one of the men wanted. A large party with Winchester's surrounded the ridge and searched it carefully, but no sign was discovered. The whole country is aroused, as these men are believed to be the parties guilty of the atrocious robberies in the Levels, which have terrorized that community. Notwithstanding that

the evidence against them was meagre when they were arrested in January, any one who has knowledge of the evidence collected by the Prosecuting Attorney and Sheriff, has had every scintilla of doubt as to their guilt removed. Only enough evidence was put before the grand jury to secure an indictment, much of the most important evidence being reserved on the part of the State.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

Armstrong is a man of about thirty-five. He is a light mulatto, has a long-like face in which the bones show prominently; wore a black, heavy mustache and small side-burns; is about six feet high; has a defective front tooth; is a loud and fluent talker and gesticulates freely; is the leader of the party and the spokesman, and has a very intelligent face. He spent the first part of his life in Poca-hontas, but since then has lived in Ohio, where he served a term in the penitentiary. Cumberland is a younger, darker negro; has a broad and short face and a very wide mouth, reminds one of a cat-fish; has a brutal and very unprepossessing look; the lower part of his face is seared and seared as though by scrofula or other skin disease. Both are large, powerful men, and may be expected to make a desperate resistance if arrested. Are supposed to be unarmed.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

This is the most difficult part of the account to write. A kind-hearted man approached both newspapers with the request that we write up the account in such a manner as that "no blame would attach to either the jail or the jailer." This made us feel disposed to lay it upon some body in *pais*, as they say in law. However, Jailer Siple, who is one of our most respected officials, and with whom no one has ever heretofore had the least occasion to find fault, relieves our embarrassment by declaring that it was no fault of the jail. The matter is just simply this: that the slight omission of failing to secure the lever in the ordinary manner was noticed by the prisoners and their boldness enabled them to carry out their attempt with great coolness and dispatch. We may feel very sure that this is the very last escape that will be made, if Will Siple keeps that jail for fifty years. During the last year there have been seven arrests made of men charged with felony. Of these four have broken jail. This makes the business a very serious matter. When the new jail was occupied this fashion of escaping was supposed to be one of the past, but nevertheless the old established historical fact has again been demonstrated that "there has never been a jail or fortress built so securely but that at some time or other the ingenuity of man has accomplished an escape from it." The superintendent of the building, which has just been finished, remarked, on hearing the news, that the "Manly Manufacturing Company has always claimed that it could make the jails, but was unable to make jailers." Armstrong is the man who burnt a hole through an eight-inch, solid-oak wall at Huntersville, and crawled through it, and he ought to have been put in chains after that.

THE CAPTURE.

This account, which is fast growing to be of magazine length, can be made complete by details of the capture of the prisoners. About dusk on Tuesday evening, exactly two days from the escape, great noise of people shouting and cries of "rope!" "rope!" were heard all over town, and a large procession escorted Armstrong and Cumberland through the main street of the town and saw them safely lodged in jail.

The men presented a sorry picture, being all but barefooted, with their clothing torn and bedraggled and all their natural vitality washed out of them by the fearful rains while they were wandering and starving in the wet woods of the mountains to the west of us.

The account of the route they took is about in this way: On gaining the top of the Cemetery hill they plunged down, into, and across Knapp's Creek, into Buckley Mountain, crossed the Greenbrier in a stolen canoe at Buckeye, wandered up Swago Creek, crossed over to Stoney Creek; which they

thought was William's River, came down the stream towards Marlinton until they reached the Old Hamlin Chapel, which is an old and almost disused church right on the stream, in which they slept until 9 o'clock Monday morning. Thus they had made almost a circuit of this town within a radius of four miles the first night. The fearful rain that night confused them and they lost their way.

At nine they ascended the mountain to John Curry's and got something to eat—the first in twenty-four hours. Here Armstrong had a chill. They aimed again for William's River and went down Swago by mistake to within a mile from the Greenbrier. Starting right they reached the Burgess Barn, on Beaver Dam, and lay there Monday night. They struck the main branch of William's River that morning about ten miles from Marlinton, having been two nights and a day going that distance. They went down the river and forded it thirteen times. The river was very full.

They reached J. R. Davis' house on Mr. C. E. Beard's place, and got something to eat just a few minutes after Mr. Davis had received word of the escape. Mr. Davis followed them and got Alvon Burr and came on the negroes lying in a patch of brush by a little fire. Covering them with their Winchester's, they ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did with great quickness. They were then marched into town, and arrived almost dead from fatigue and exposure.

Thus ended the most exciting event that ever stirred up the town, though people at a distance may be unable to see how the escape, chase, and capture of two poor devils could have moved the citizens of the town to such an extent. The fact is that every one deemed it his duty to do all in his power to recapture these men, and did not like the idea of the two negroes outwitting the county.

The alarm was so generally given that the men found even the William's River route closed to them, though the least attention was paid to this exit.

Southern Methodist Conference.

The Conference met at Washington, D. C. The minister at Academy, Rev. A. C. Hamill, was returned; Rev. J. T. Maxwell was sent to Green Bank, in place of Rev. C. L. Potter, and Rev. Barrett to Huntersville in Rev. C. M. Sarver's place.

The Clifton Forge Review gives the following notice of the charges given to Rev. C. F. Moore and Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county. It seems that both these gentlemen have received appointments which are among the most important that the Conference had in its power to bestow, outside of the large cities:

"Rev. C. F. Moore, so well and favorably known in Clifton Forge since early in 1890, we are glad to learn, has been placed in charge of the church in Piedmont, West Virginia, a thriving town west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Piedmont is quite a growing place. It has a population of some six thousand people, and is healthful, picturesque, and accessible. We think Mr. Moore fortunate in the assignment, and at the same time congratulate the church at that place in securing his services. He will popularize it, if possible, and do valliant service in the cause of the great Master, to which he has re-dedicated his life.

"Rev. John A. Taylor, from West Virginia, the earnest and successful revivalist, who assisted Rev. L. R. Markwood here last fall in a successful meeting, which resulted in more than a hundred additions to the Methodist church, was placed in charge of the Rockville, Maryland, circuit, one of the most populous and desirable circuits within the bounds of the conference.

DO NOT FAIL to attend the festival to be given by the ladies at Mrs. Carter's on next Wednesday evening.

Without Relief, There is No Day
Sold Everywhere, Every Day
Very True, but it Kills All Pains
What a Funny Name!
Lightning Hot Drops

P. Golde is off to B goods.

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The mail the Hevner got no far North Fork not to be tr mail. We Sunday nig Messrs. C start a raft Greenbrier Ronceverte If you wa a buggy, p Curry, who suits him. wall broken

And find, no doubt, "revenge is sweet."

Furnishing the Court-House.

At a County Court held Saturday the contract for furniture for the new court-house was let to the Manly Manufacturing Company at \$2300. Two bids were in, the other bidder being Conant Brothers, of Toledo, Ohio, at \$2410. These bids were made on a schedule heretofore adopted by the County Court and furnished to both parties. It includes suitable and sufficient furniture for the rooms of the new building together with the furniture now on hand. The main court-room will be furnished with opera chairs and fittings for the bar.

The only other business transacted at this term of the Court was the letting the contract for the repairing of the Huntersville Bridge to J. A. Sharp, of Marlinton, for \$297.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BY THE HARDEST.

Marlinton Wins Again from Mingo. A Fight to the Finish.

Once again the carefully trained athletes of our progressive town have met the hardy Englishmen on the field and after a hard-fought battle of ninety minutes won the football game by the score of 2:0. This event closes the season.

One peculiarity of this game which has grown so popular in the last few years with our muscular race, is that there are dozens who prefer to see the game played to playing, and this was never more fully proven than in the game of last Saturday. About three hundred persons, among whom were many ladies, watched the game during a driving storm of snow and rain, hail and sleet, which almost blinded the players. At one time the ground was covered with hail-stones as large as bird's eggs. But the people stayed and shouted themselves into a pretty state of hoarseness. Marlinton did not lack for "rooters," but the muddy roads and heavy rains had kept the Pocahontas partisans away, and the people of Randolph shouted right loyally for their own county.

The teams seemed to be evenly matched, and when the first half ended it was plain to be seen that the game would go to the side which outwinded the other. Skill and strength seemed balanced, and Marlinton—we had gone to Mingo to win—had only one hope left and that was in endurance. It did not prove a false one, and in the last few minutes the pace seemed to tell on several of the Mingo men, and the ball stayed dangerously near the Mingo goal. Finally within six minutes of the finish, the ball was actually crowded through the goal and though the tremendous resistance of the giant backs of Mingo said "no thoroughfare," the Marlinton forwards supported by their backs would not acknowledge this and so "we fetched her."

"One goal begets another," and though the time given us was but four minutes, another goal was made by a long low shot by Lew Yeager which the Mingo goal keeper failed to stop, much to his distress.

The game was admirably umpired by Mr. Arthur Lawson, a true lover of sport, and to whose indefatigable efforts much is due for the many interesting events in the way of out-door sports which have become institutions in the English colony at Mingo. Mr. Lanty Tuke and Mr. Ricketts acted as linesmen.

Enough cannot be said of the unbounded hospitality and kindness of the English gentlemen of Mingo to the Marlinton citizens who were their visitors last week. Everything had been provided for their comfort and entertainment, and our boys returned highly gratified by their reception. The decorations of the field were very striking. The goal posts and bars were painted in the colors of the two nations represented—red, white and blue, and the confines of the ground were marked by the "Stars and Stripes" and "Union-Jacks." The Mingo linesmen waved a red flag, and the Marlinton linesmen a blue one. The bright scarlet uniforms of Mingo contrasted well with the dark blue of the home team.

The Teams lined up as shown by the table below:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Mingo. | Marlinton. |
| FORWARD. | |
| Hebden, E. | Wilson |
| RIGHT WING. | |
| McAtee, | N. Price |
| Marshall, | A. Price, (C.) |
| LEFT WING. | |
| Grews, | L. Yeager |
| Earnshaw, H. (Capt.) | A'hern |
| HALF BACKS. | |
| Tompkins, | Anderson |
| Dakers, | J. Yeager |
| Hales, | Smith |
| FULL BACKS. | |
| Hebden, J. | W. Yeager |
| Lindsay, | McLaughlin |
| Friel, | King |
| GOAL. | |

Under the efficient management of Mr. Lawson a concert came off at the school-house at Mingo, which was immensely enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. The talent was lent for the occasion by the ladies of Mingo and by those of musical ability of both clubs. The hall was handsomely decorated and the flags of the two nations were lavishly displayed.

THE NEW JAIL.

A DESCRIPTION OF ITS CONVENIENCES.

BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

The new jail proper is absolutely fireproof, for all exterior and interior walls are solid brick, all floors and ceilings are solid cement concrete packed on arches that are carried by steel girders from wall to wall, and the roof is covered with slate. There being practically no wood to decay, there will be no expensive repairs or renewals needed for generations to follow. There are no hollow places in walls or floors to harbor vermin, the best of all buildings for indiscriminate collections of humanity. The walls are laid and plastered and will harden year after year.

The design as is shown in our exterior view, while indicating a compact whole, embraces three distinct divisions, to-wit: A residence in front, and office, guard room, hospital room, and detention room, intermediate and jail proper in the rear.

These several departments are as fully separated by solid walls as though under separate roofs. The residence has central halls and staircase, with parlor and family room on this floor. The basement has dining room, kitchen, furnace and fuel room. On the first and second floors each room has a nice oak mantelpiece artistically designed.

All doors have movable transoms, and the finish is polished and varnished in a superior manner.

The prisoners all enter the jail through the guard room in the intermediate department. Here are located the inspection and search rooms, the hospital, female and light, offense and detention cells. This being the only entrance to the rear cage room, which is built of two tiers of cells. Two floors have been fitted enabling perfect separation of races, and each floor has four cells, two on each side opening into a central exercise, or prisoner's, corridor, and as each cell is as independent of the others as are the rooms in a hotel similarly arranged, it is possible to make further a perfect classification of the prisoners, but it will hardly be necessary for years to assign so many to a compartment.

These cells with their central exercise or prisoner's corridors, are neste together and enclosed on all sides and below and above with a burglar proof grating, and once incarcerated the whole jail life of the prisoner is in this cage, and if the rules are adhered to the jailer will always have a steel wall between him and his guests, although the latter will be under close scrutiny and absolute observation at all times from the jailer's corridor which extends all around the cage.

Food is handed to the prisoners through suitable openings in outer gratings. There is a large tank of water near the top of each cell within reach of its inmates, so that this great necessity is at the individual command of each unfortunate. This tank also serves as a flushing reservoir for the iron hopper closet placed in each cell and connected by scientifically trapped pipes and sewer. This provides for the immediate disposal of all excrement, and removes the greatest objection to former jails.

As has been stated, the doors of each cell open into the central exercise or prisoner's corridor on either side. This is wider than our ordinary rooms. Our interior sketch shows it in part, and at rear end can be seen the prisoner's bath tank. At the front of this picture the open door to this corridor shows the only entrance to the cage the upper right hand corner shows an open box in which are levers moving a system of bolts over the doors of each cell and a separate lever for each door enables the jailer to arrange the exercise periods for each cell independent of all others, and this, without entering the cage or coming in contact with the prisoners.

Additional locks are provided for all doors, but they are placed and removed, while the corridor is empty, and while the doors are locked by the bolts, the lever box is provided with tell tale reminding devices requiring all levers to be thrown and also locked in their places before the door of the box can be closed. The bolts are also arranged so that they cannot be moved while the door is open, all of which is to preclude mistakes or carelessness by the jailer. The steel floors of the cells and corridors are overlaid with imported cement, giving a comfortable, artificial stone surface easily kept clean.

Lack of space prevents reference to the many special features of the jail construction, which are the result of many years of experience and investigation, but the cage material is a combination of tensile or "blow proof" steel and crucible or "saw proof" steel, and the report of Peck's best metal worker, Robert Barnes, appointed by the Board of Commissioners to fully test every tool proof bar in these cells, established the fact that every one, aggregating upwards of a thousand, has had seven trials, and is tool proof and satisfactory.

The Manly Manufacturing Co., of Dalton, Georgia, the only jail builders in the South, who contracted for and completed the entire work, state that this is the first instance in which such careful scrutiny has been given by county officials.

Those of the tax-payers who are capable of judging the work, say it is undoubtedly creditable to all concerned, and pleases many of those who have examined it, and TIMES gives this sketch and these illustrations for the benefit of those who can not make a personal examination of the building.

Dunmore.

Everything seems to be on the move. Mr. Isaac Klein and son moved on their farm; Mr. John Dressard, of Frost, moved this week to Beverly; Rev. S. L. Potter moved to his new field of labor; we understand that Rev. Maxwell will be in this week. Even the postoffice was moved from Swecker's to the store at Dunmore. If some men owned the whole world they would not be satisfied unless they owned a potato patch on the other side. Marlinton men stand a poor chance with some people in this end of the county.

We see some fine improvements in Green Bank. Messrs. J. H. Curry and W. H. Hull are putting in fine sidewalk in front of their premises.

Mr. J. P. Wooddell will start Wednesday for his spring goods; Mr. George D. Oliver is in Baltimore this week laying in his spring and summer stock.

Marion Gum has moved to Frost and will open up a new store.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin is able to be out again.

A Sunday School has been organized at Baxter Church, with Mr. Ed. McLaughlin as Superintendent, let all attend.

Some of our roads need work badly. The big rains played thunder with them.

Simmers & Knicely moved their sawmill to C. L. Moore's, on Browns Creek.

Mr. John Beverage is hauling lumber for his new house.

Mr. John A. Noel is building a fine residence for himself.

Died—At her home on the morning of the 16th inst, Kate Daugherty, wife of Isaac Daugherty, aged about 40 years. She leaves several small children.

Miss Kittie Lakin is spending the week on Clover Creek.

Mr. William Pritchard, of Staunton is visiting friends here.

The dogs played the devil with Charley Pritchard's sheep; and Dan Taylor sent ten of them the spout up with his Winchester.

Mr. Jake McLaughlin was thrown from his horse last week and stove up a few inches.

Mr. F. M. Dilley moved to Pendleton county last week.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank.

We are having nice weather after our Easter storm.

Mr. G. D. Oliver is in the Eastern markets buying goods.

Rev. C. L. Potter was among his many friends at this place last week.

Rev. Maxwell and family are expected at the parsonage on the 18th inst.

Mrs. S. C. Sutton, whose life was despaired of, we are glad to say is some better.

Mrs. James Stretch who has been sick is better.

Dr. C. L. Austin is expected home on the 19th inst. His many friends will be glad to see him.

The funeral of Mr. J. G. Sutton will be preached at this place on the 21st by Rev. C. C. Arbogast.

Will some reader of the TIMES tell what the names of Moses and Aaron's father and mothers were. By answering through the TIMES, you will oblige.

Mr. C. O. Arbogast is assessing and deborning stock, all on the same round. Charley is a hustler.

Mr. Uriah Hevener has turned his cattle on grass last week, on Clover Creek.

Marlinton, W. Va.

(Continued from first page.)

140 lbs., is reported to be able to lift a weight of 540 lbs. with ease) kicked the ball a "record" distance. Montgomery, Hazelrigg, and Grews passed, scientifically, from one side of the ground to the other, and then Lu Yeager punted a long, good shot at goal, but the ball flew over the cross-bar. Marlinton pressed hard on Mingo goal, but failed to add to their single goal. Some desultory play passed, until Hazelrigg tracked up, and had a fierce fight for the ball with Will McLaughlin—the "champion heavy weights" of both teams meeting face to face! The "black shirts" carried down the ball and Wilson had a very close "shave" of getting a goal. At the end of 37 minutes play, Montgomery kicked the third goal for Mingo, and with a yell of triumph dashed back to his place, calling, "Now for another!" This incitation put both teams on their "mettle" and both Clubs played harder than ever.

Marlinton took the ball down to Mingo goal: but B. Earnshaw made a most brilliant run up, the whole length of the ground, finishing up with a most excellent, but unsuccessful, shot at goal. However the ball was kept in the visitors' quarter, and soon Montgomery's unerring aim scored a fourth goal for Mingo.

Time is getting on, and "Play up!" from the Marlinton Captain draws forth any latent energy still remaining in his brave men. But 'tis too late! The whole twenty-two players "follow up" desperately hard, but the whistle blows twice, and the great International Match is ended! "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

The play in all respects was of a first rate description, and although Mingo Club secured 4 goals to Marlinton Club's one goal the game was by no manner of means at all one sided. The Marlintons were to be greatly congratulated on their good play and bold bid for victory. The gathering broke up with three cheers for both teams, as well the "ladies" and both Clubs spent a convivial evening together at Mr. Hezekiah's well regulated Hotel.

The following is a list of the players in both teams, with their position in the field and weights:

| Marlinton Club. | Mingo Club. |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| FORWARDS. | |
| J. H. G. Wilson, 166. | A. Hazelrigg, 200 |
| RIGHT WING. | |
| N. Price, 145. | W. Montgomery, (C.) 150 |
| P. Simmons, 150 | B. Earnshaw, 148 |
| LEFT WING. | |
| A. Price, (C.) 157 | S. E. L. Grews, 135 |
| A. Marshall, 136. | G. Earnshaw, 140 |
| HALF BACKS. | |
| J. Yeager, 166. | W. Langworthy, 145 |
| J. Smith, 136. | E. S. Chapman, 150 |
| L. Yeager, 152. | C. H. Fennell, 158 |
| FULL BACKS. | |
| W. Yeager, 175. | B. Hobden, 166 |
| W. McLaughlin, 185. | Piatt Marshall 179 |
| GOAL KEEPER. | |
| Ligon Marshall. | R. Tuke. |
| May the "Marlinton vs. Mingo | |

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, MARCH

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ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT MARLINTON.

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—Though a good deal has been written concerning the town of Marlinton, the drift of the accounts would leave one believing that Col. John T. McGraw found the place in the woods and with a magic touch transformed it into the "the center of the two Virginias." While we owe the existence of the place as a village to this wealthy and brilliant West Virginian, the place had been cleared and redeemed from the primeval forests long ago.

By authority of the "Virginia Historical Collections," a very old and rare work, the first man that crossed the Alleghany, came to the Greenbrier River here and returned, reporting that he found the waters running in the wrong direction.

Acting upon the information of this prospector, who was called a "lonatic" in an old work, as he wandered in the woods the whole of his time on like expeditions, Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell came West and built a cabin here on a spot near the A. M. McLaughlin house, at the mouth of a certain "Slough" that comes down to Marlin's Run, and just opposite was a large, hollow sycamore. They quarreled, living together, and Sewell moved into the hollow tree. Sewell went, finally, to Greenbrier county, and was killed by the Indians on Sewell Mountain. It seems that then Marlin returned to Virginia from whence he had come.

About the year 1750, General Andrew Lewis located a "survey" meant to be inclusive of all the rich bottom land and must be the oldest title in the county. It is reported that this survey was once sold for a pony and a keg of whiskey. Old residents say that Maj. Jacob Warwick was the first to clear a field.

About 1846, a postoffice was established and the place called Marlin's Bottom. The mail came once a week. Before that, Huntersville was the postoffice for all of Edray District, as well as the greater part of Huntersville District.

The place bore that name until about 1887, when the name was changed to Marlinton, by a petition brought forward by Mrs. Jamie B. Skyles, who all remember as a lady of culture and refinement, and who desired a more euphonious appellation than one ending with "Bottom." The old citizens were much incensed at the boldness of a new comer, and felt that they had sustained irreparable damage, but the post office department had decided a verse to double names and Marlinton stood, to have every stranger of high or low degree insert a "g" in spelling.

There are many traditions of the Indians, and at places a pocketfull of flint or arrowheads may be picked up in a short time. One well-established legend tells of the burial of an iron pot containing all the valuables of a party of emigrants and \$20,000 in Spanish doubloons. On a farm known as "Jericho," about a mile from the river, is a deep hole dug in search of this treasure by a man who sickened and died while searching for it.

During the late war, Gen. Robert E. Lee's troops and he himself camped here for a considerable time. — There are still to be seen the fortifications erected by Col. Gilham along the river banks.

When the farms were bought by Col. McGraw, they were owned by the McLaughlin's, Gay's and Price's

and, with the exception of one lot, that on which the Skyles House stands, and which has been the subject of a suit in the Supreme Court, there had never been a lot sold in the place, the original owners holding the land with almost or quite a tacit understanding that such was always to be the case.

An impression has been made on some that the land here is swampy, even to one gentleman's saying in the heat of the campaign on the courthouse removal question, that "the Prices and McLaughlins had lived in the swamps until they were well soaked."

However, the land is naturally very fertile, a great part of it, in deed, having once been covered with black walnut trees. The swift-flowing streams, the Greenbrier River and Knapp's Creek, drain the land well leaving it high and dry, and the bottoms are wonderfully free from swamps considering their width.

Marlinton now is a pretty place with tasteful cottages dotted about on the green sward, that comes down to the water's edge, and all one needs, is summer, to know the delight of sitting on a grassy bank where your feet hang over the crystal waters below.

But in this Eden comes the still, small voice which says "what is life without a railroad?"

Our Easter Thanks.

Thank God for the dear ones safe to-day,
Safe at home on the happy shore,
Where the smile of the Father beams
for aye,

And the shadow of pain shall fall no
more.

Thank God for the hearts that have
done with sin,
For the eyes that shall never be blind
with tears;

Thank God for the beautiful, entered in
To the perfect rest of the deathless
years.

Thank God to-day for the pilgrim feet
Which have trodden the last of the
toilsome way;

For the strong, for the frail, for the
babes so sweet,
Who have left forever this crumbling
clay,

Who have changed earth's trial and
loss and moan
For the victor's palm and the voice of
praise.

Who dwell in the light of the great
white throne,
And join in the songs which the ran-
somed raise.

Thank God to-day for the hope sublime
Which fills our souls in the darkest
hours;

Thank God that the transient care of
time
Are wreathed in the glory of fadeless
flowers.

Thank God for the rift in the desolate
grave;

'Tis the soldier's couch, not the cap-
tive's prison;
He hallowed its portal, who died to save,
And we write o'er its arch, "The
Lord is risen!"

— Margaret E. Sangster.

THE PARTY WARNED OF A BAD POLICY.

Referring to Hon. John W. Ar buckle's candidacy for the State Senate, the Pocahontas Times says:

"An arrangement will be made to elect a citizen of this county to the Senate this year, and it is high time that this faithful old county did supply a man for this office."

Monroe county does not concede that the claims of Pocahontas county are superior to her own; but it is undoubtedly true that either of them have the precedence over Greenbrier. It is a bad party policy for the larger counties to override and supplant the smaller counties. If often repeated it breeds strife and an ugly feeling of jealousy which will do the Democratic

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ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT MARLINTON.

Some have doubted the veracity of the statement, made in last week's paper, that the first inhabitant of the place lived in a hollow sycamore tree for one winter, but they have no reason to doubt the legend. Until very recent years there was to be seen here a tree large enough to accommodate a man with sleeping quarters, and in the memory of old inhabitants there existed three or four such trees. There is reasonable doubt, however, which one was originally occupied by the hunter Sewell. The last one to go was one at the mouth of the Kee Run, which the writer cut down with a few strokes of the axe. The entrance of the hollow was about ten feet high and the roof sloped back to the ground.

He remembers shooting off the head of a blacksnake which was up this tree, with an old mountain rifle, but that is another story, and one he does not insist on being believed. This tree's trunk was simply a shell and having a heavy top, got very tottery at last and it was a mercy to put it out of its misery.

Anyway, we would like to believe that the first settler of the county used this novel shelter from the winter's storms, with no rent to pay, which is a custom our citizens are too familiar with.

The confluence of the streams here made this a particularly good place for the followers of the chase. The bear that got up before the dogs made an out and out, honest bolt for his life going straight up and down hills, and knowing the country better than a book, he was sure to come down the point of the ridge east of the mouth of Kuapp's (or Nap's) Creek and up the opposite mountain side, or the reverse, as he might be making for Webster or Bath according as his nose was turned.

With a deer, the sound of the dogs caused it to seek the water and it would come to the creek or river at certain "stands," as infallibly as if it was obeying a law from which there should be no variance. A man may live here a long time now and escape being run over by a deer, but in those days, in corn husking time, a gun lay near the husker, who kept his head up, looking out for deer, so much, that his work was mechanically done, often, and while it was well husked the corn would be scattered over a wide area of ground.

The place has too much life about it now for deer to come and graze in the wheat fields, and for some years they seem to have gradually disappeared, until it was quite possible to find a house without a gun with a "deer load" in it, before the town was built.

The boys to day have to be satisfied with a fox chase, or the catching of an occasional raccoon or otter. The duck hunting here is really excellent, as are also the ducks that may be killed.

Since the beginning of the new era the town has become the county seat, after the hardest fought contest in the history of the county.

In those former times, of which we are speaking, the idea of removal was advanced in a debating society then in being, which met at the school-house on Friday evenings, as is the time honored custom of such incubators of eloquence. The question was discussed and the point made that the place was more centrally located than Huntersville and as the defenders of that

town spoke very much against their natural propensities of acquisition it was settled that same time that the court house should be built here and at a place not more than a hundred yards from where the foundation is now laid, it was to have been upon the bluff at the foot of which the building is being erected, it may be said to have been, in a good many things, a better site than the one chosen.

In those days, the "centre of the county" was shifted from one point to another, until Edray seemed to have established her claim satisfactorily.

It remained for Forest Moore, now Judge Moore, of Clifton Forge, to declare that "Quince Poage's hog pen" was the centre of the county, and there it has evidently stayed, as he showed conclusively then that he had ascertained its whereabouts. At least his research had made his argument unanswerable on this point.

Well, if Marlinton is to lose the distinction of being the geographical center of the county, we must sincerely hope that said center will not be routed from its present quarters soon, to be driven from pillar to post, seeking another resting place and finding none.

At Marlinton the ways converge so as to render it a crossing place for man as well as beast. On Mr. George Kee's land there is a well worn Indian pony trail on which relics have been found.

The two turnpike roads of the county, with the exception of the Staunton and Parkersburg pike, which would have come by here except for lobbyists, meet at this place, and the State of Virginia built the really good bridge here in 1854, which miraculously escaped being burnt in war times. Our old citizens firmly believe that it would have been burned if there had been a man bad enough to set fire to such a noble structure.

Before the bridge was built various fords were used, but the Marlinton Ford was especially noted for its safety. It is about half a mile above the bridge and is a terror to our river pilots.

Before concluding this disjointed narration we will say that we want to get into print a lot of folk-lore dear to the heart of Pocahontas people, and if we print what we ought not to have printed or do things we ought to have left undone, the injured party has his remedy.

There is much that should be preserved in some other form than that of mere memories, which too soon find their resting place in the graves of their owners.

THE IRON DEPOSITS

in West Virginia, have not yet attracted much attention. Perhaps one reason for this is that the regions supposed to be richest in this mineral are not accessible to the railroads. In Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties there is a mountain range something like forty miles in extent, filled with workable veins of red fossil, red shale, and intermitting pipe ores, which are claimed to be equal in quality and quantity to the ores of East Tennessee. With the extension of the Camden system of railroads to Marlinton in Pocahontas county, and the Warm Springs branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad to the same town, under an agreement already entered into between these two roads, we may expect an early development of this iron region.—Ex-Gov. Fleming at Pittsburgh.

| INDICTMENTS. | |
|--|--|
| STATS vs. | |
| Howard McCoy, Felony, burglary. | |
| Henry Jones, Felony (rape). | |
| Edgar Pryor, Felony (cutting). | |
| L. J. Piles, Felony (shooting). | |
| MISDEMEANOR. | |
| P. Golden, peddling without license, 3 cases. | |
| John C. Hunter and the Cumberland Lumber Co., blocking fords with logs. | |
| Letcher Herold, Millard Herold and Horace Herold, fishing with nets. | |
| Horace Herold, Forrest Herold and Garnet House, fishing with nets. | |
| Horace Herold, Millard Herold, Letcher Herold, Forrest Herold and Garnet House, fishing with nets. | |
| Horace Herold, M. F. Herold, Letcher Herold and Garnet House, fishing with nets. | |
| J. J. Hannah, false swearing. | |
| Renick Sutton, deadly weapons, 3 cases. | |
| Summers Sutton, same, 2 cases. | |
| W. A. Sheets, same, 2 cases. | |
| Anderson Sheets, same. | |
| Amos Courtney, same. | |
| Melvin Cobb, same. | |
| Wallace Jackson, same. | |
| Washington Brady and Sarah Gordon, lewd and lascivious cohabitation. | |
| Allen Burner, trespass. | |
| Harry Thomson, assault and battery. | |
| J. B. Gaudet, same. | |
| Page Gay, same. | |
| CHANCERY ORDERS. | |
| Grimes' adm'r. vs. Grimes' heirs, referred to commissioners. | |
| Mary M. Pullin vs. J. F. Cutlip, decree to sell. | |
| Lyons, McKee & Co. vs. F. P. Fandervoort, referred to comm'r. | |
| J. C. Loury vs. Geo. Hamilton, decree to sell. | |
| John W. Stephenson vs. George W. McDonald, referred to comm'r. | |
| Ann Courtney vs. Henry Higgins dismissed. | |
| R. S. Turk vs. B. M. Yeager, decree to sell. | |
| Medora A. F. Carr vs. Isaac Shinueberry, injunction perpetuated. | |
| L. M. Waugh vs. Ella I. Waugh, divorce granted. | |
| W. A. Bratton appointed trustee in place of George H. Moffet in Burr land. | |
| Joseph F. Clutter vs. N. F. Clutter, sale of infant's land ratified. | |
| Barkley's adm'r. vs. Barkley's heirs, decree to sell. | |
| John Ligon executor of Robert McCutcheon vs. Geo. H. McLaughlin, decree to sell. | |
| John A. Geiger vs. William R. Sutton and others, decree to sell. | |
| A. Coombs vs. Jane Simmons, injunction granted to open road. | |
| Elhart, Joyner & Co. vs. J. W. Ri y. referred to a comm'r. | |
| B. M. Yeager appointed Commissioner of School Lands. | |
| Jno. T. Dixon vs. Samuel Harper, decree to rent. | |
| Elizabeth McGlaughlin vs. Maggie W. Arbogast, dismissed. | |
| Sally Ginn's adm'r. vs. E. O. Moors, decree to sell. | |
| Sally Ginn's adm'r. vs. Enox R. Tallman, decree to sell. | |
| W. C. Mann and wife vs. Jno. E. Barlow, injunction dissolved. | |
| Bowlin, Spots & Co. vs. U. S. McNeill, referred to comm'r. and receiver directed to turn assets of the assignment into cash by next term of this court, if possible. | |

Died. At his home near Back
eye, on Sunday, the 1st day of A-
pril, William Rogers, an old Union
veteran, after several years illness.

—An old man, a typical moun-
taineer, was the defendant in an
ejectment suit in our court at its
last term, and the action going a-
gainst him, the sheriff must soon
eject him from his home to find a
place, maybe, in the poor house.—
He was seen late one evening on
his way back to the mountain, and
was heard muttering and cursing
to himself, and every little ways
would pick up a stone and hurl it
with all the force possible against
the bank. How many plaintiffs he
was killing can be imagined.

—Howard McCoy was sentenced
to one year in the penitentiary at
the April court, for burglary. There
was no doubt of his guilt and he
confessed. His only remark when
Judge Campbell fixed the lowest
period as his sentence was to the
effect that he wished it were six
years instead of one. McCoy is
about eighteen, is a tall, straight,
fine looking boy, and has had a
crazy notion that he wanted to go
to the penitentiary. He stole a-
bout three dollar's worth of goods
which he had no use for, breaking
in a stable at Academy. It is so
evident that he is using this only
as an excuse to gratify a foolish
whim, that it is a pity that his
whole life is to be ruined by the
caprice of a moment.

—Renick Sutton, of Green Bank,
was indicted at the last term of
court for carrying deadly weapons.
This is the outcome of a most ex-
citing occurrence. Last winter he
compelled a Mr. Sheets to marry a
sister, at the point of a pistol. Jus-
tice Taylor issued a summons to
bring him in, dead or alive. This
put Mr. Sutton on his mettle and
he refused to be arrested. He has
served for several years in the stand-
ing army on the Western frontier,
and has taken prizes in target
practice as well as occupying the
position of a sharp shooter. He
went into the mountains for some
week and though the posse in pur-
suit came in sight of him several
times, they respected his Winchester,
and he was not taken. He
says that he found his way to a
feather bed every night of the
chase, and friends at the different
places kept watch while he slept,
he being favored, as he says by
"Two fair maids" as guard one
night. Thinking the pursuit was
over a few weeks ago he returned
to his father's farm and went to
work and was arrested then. He
gave bail to appear before the
Grand Jury in the sum of \$500.—
He appeared, but as the charge of
"kidnapping" a man thirty pounds
heavier than he was too indefinite
the indictment was found in the
time-honored way, for carrying
deadly weapons. It may be re-
marked further that juries in find-
ing and passing on such indictments
are often armed to the teeth.

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buildings were comparable in magnitude to these.

CLOVER CREEK.

The sick people at this date are, George and Lucy Geiger, Mrs. Wm Sharp, Stephen Barnet and John Galford, of Back Alleghany.

Mr. Wm. Sharp and the Misses Kramer are convalescing.

R. H. Dudley and Oscar Bell have moved stock from Virginia to their places here, and report the fruit crop killed there.

Mr. Newton Cappel of Virginia, is expected to move to his father's place on Elk.

Grass is short, but we expect that the present weather is a wild goose storm and that we will have better weather soon.

Mrs. Lou Sheets while visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Geiger, at Driftwood, had the misfortune to have the bolts in her buggy stolen.

We would be glad if people would buy their bolts and not put visitors to such inconvenience. K. W.

Governor McCool.

Probably Governor McCool's first experience in West Virginia was when he taught school at Academy. He stood his examination for a certificate to teach public school under Mr. James W. Warwick then, superintendent of free schools, and shocked the gentle man's sense of propriety by offering to play *patra*, a highly interesting game of cards, to decide who was to try the examination.

A tale is told concerning his horsemanship. The Governor prided himself on being an extraordinary rider, and was not slow to boast, at times, concerning it. One day as he was with a young lady through Hillsboro where its streets were a duly muddy for that place, even, the lady dropped her handkerchief. The Governor wheeled his horse and as he came back by it at a good pace, he stooped to pick it up in Indian fashion and fell off in the mud much to the general edification of the town.

A Slave's Tribute.

We are allowed to publish the following letter, copied *verbatim* from the original, found among the papers of the late Mrs. John W. Warwick. No one can fail to recognize the pathos and beauty of expression of the christian, that seems to creep unbidden into this letter. The writer, a former slave of the Warwicks, is long since dead: the 5, 1876.

Stannion Va august

My dear mistress I rite this to let you that I never forgot you pleas tell me how all are and giv my lov to all and ples don't wonder at this writing for I did it myself I cante spel good but however I hope you can make it out. when I spent the winter at the springs I were on able to get to see you but I remember very well how you told me about god. I find him kind having tender mercy since he will not forsake us. every messenger of affliction may be regarded as coming to us with an olive branch in one hand—a love token gathered in bowers of paradise and in the other, a cup, mingled by one too gracious to put in one needless ingredient of sorrow. thou shalt not be burned neither shall the flames kindle upon thee. Since I have seen you I met many strange trials—but god has been good in the midst of the very midst of the sea's tempest

to say fear not it is I be not afraid. I have no mother for god has taken her. I do not think I will be here long—a few days and I bid this worlde adue. giv my lov to all

MARY COLEMAN.

—There is rumor of a railroad to be built into this county soon and citizens are warned to be on their guard and lookout for the locomotives. There is a vague suggestion of bonds to be voted on, which is a very popular way with Pocahontas people of raising money. A railroad is very much needed and it is a pity that a county worth three or four millions could not build a road as well as an individual millionaire

A CARRIER PIGEON'S FLIGHT.

—Leslie Day, of Buckhannon, was in the city Tuesday. He brought with him two carrier pigeons. At 10 o'clock that morning he released one pigeon from the top of the Blennerhassett hotel. The pigeon rose up, circled around two or three times and then took a straight line for Buckhannon.

It is estimated that the distance by flight is about 90 miles.

The other pigeon will be taken to Huntington and will be released there.

Mr. Day is traveling in the interest of the Washington Museum.—Parkersburg Journal.

TREATMENT OF CONVICTS BY RUSSIA.—The report of the commission of inquiry into conditions at the convict station at Onor, Saghalien, reveals numerous instances of merciless floggings, starvation, and disease.

Famine, is a common occurrence. Murder, followed by cannibalism, is frequently committed solely with a view to procure execution as a termination of the misery of life.

Several convicts sometimes dispute before the officials for the responsibility of guilt. During 1892 almost a continuous string of convoys with mutilated corpses passed from Onor to Rykovskaya, where the officials reside. No inquiries were made, but the bodies were forthwith buried. Neither of the two doctors in Rykovskaya ever visited Onor.

A band of convicts in 1893 were committed to the charge of an Inspector, who was unable to read or write, to construct a road from Onor to Rykovskaya. Their failure to fully accomplish the work was punished with a reduction of rations. When they were unable to work longer they were shot and the deaths were entered as "from disease."—Exchange.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of W. H. Grose, commissioner, Huntersville, W. Va., April 1894. Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance to an order of reference entered in the chancery cause

Elhart, Joyner & Co et als.

vs.

J. W. Riley, adm'r. et als.

made at the April Term of the circuit court of Pocahontas county on the 5th day of April, 1894, I will at my office in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the

9TH DAY OF MAY, 1894,

proceed to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A statement of the debts due from Jacob L. Arbogast, dec'd., with their dates, dignities and priorities.

2d. A settlement of the administration account of J. W. Riley, adm'r. of J. L. Arbogast dec'd., and report the balance due from said administrator to his intestates estate

3d. Any other matter to be specially stated, deemed pertinent to the undersigned commissioner, or required by any party in interest to be so stated.

At which time and place you may attend. W. H. GROSE, Commissioner.

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—The following is very complimentary to Major Arbogast, and is taken from the *Allegheny Sentinel*:

Sheriff J. C. Arbogast and son, Wardell, of Pocahontas county, were in Covington a few hours Monday. They were on their way to the West Virginia penitentiary with a young white man recently convicted in that county of the felony of stealing an overcoat. Major Arbogast informed us that of the 8 prisoners he had conveyed to the penitentiary from that county since he has been sheriff he had not handcuffed a single one. This speaks well for the kindness and popularity of this gentleman, that even a convict would not give him trouble by an attempted escape.

Commissioner's Notice.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Levi Gay Esq. has authorized us to announce him as a candidate to represent Pocahontas county in the next House of Delegates of West Virginia, subject to the Democratic Convention.

HOME NEWS

—A strange cavalcade passed through Marlinton last Thursday, supposed to be on its way to join Coxey.

—The Mingo Racing Club have races this week on Tuesday and Friday.

—The sale of the Warwick Administrators has been postponed from the 5TH to the 10TH.

—Mr. D. L. Barlow, the present incumbent, will offer as a candidate for re election to the office of county superintendent. His announcement will appear in this paper soon.

—The bowling alley is the center of attraction at this town now, some good scores have been made, R. B. Mason and Col. Fisher have made 168 and 165 out of a possible 180, and "Lord Bowler Bratton" 149 out of a possible 150.

—The only agency between Staunton and Charleston for *Butterick's Patterns*. I keep constantly in stock all the latest patterns and in all sizes. A Monthly Fashion Sheet furnished free on application. Special attention to mail orders. Very respectfully.

MASON BELL,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

—The actions for damages on account of unlawful imprisonment, brought by Lucy Sutton against C. P. Kerr, constable and *posse* for \$5,000, and her father, James T. Sutton, and mother, Mary Sutton, all of Green Bank District, against the same parties, relies on facts which will be about as follows.—

Renick Sutton, brother of Lucy Sutton, had by means of intimidation caused Anderson Sheets to surrender to him and promise to marry his sister. By duress Sheets was compelled to sign an order to the county clerk for a marriage license and Sheets was kept under a pistol until it could be procured from Marlinton, a distance of about twenty-five miles. While parties came to Marlinton, Sheets' friends swore out a warrant against Renick Sutton and went to Sutton's home expecting to find Sheets there, as well as Sutton. Neither was there and finding the father, mother and Lucy Sutton at home these parties were detained, as they knew that the marriage could not take place as long as the young lady was under arrest. This is probably the reason that the wedding did not take place, as Sheets was in duress at John L. Sutton's at the time, who lives a few miles from James T. Sutton's place, and was released when it was reported that the constable and friends of Sheets were out to prevent the wedding taking place. The plaintiffs were held for one night. After that the exciting chase, mentioned in this paper, after Renick Sutton took place.

Musical Association.

Our next session of the Pocahontas County Musical Association will be held at Edray, commencing on Thursday, May 17th, at 7:30 p. m., and continuing two days. All friends of music are invited.

S. B. MOORE, President.

POCAHONTAS COUNTERFEITER.

Frank Chapman, a well known resident of Pocahontas county, was arrested in Ronceverte last week for passing counterfeit half dollars. He paid a board bill at Mrs. Newcomer's in town, and refused to take the money back when that lady declared it counterfeit. He was arrested and searched and twenty-

four spurious half dollars were found upon his person. He was taken to jail at Lewisburg to be examined before a commissioner on Saturday. Soon after he passed through Lewisburg in custody five or six other pieces were found on the street.— Chapman is an Irishman by birth, and owns a farm on Beaver Creek. He became involved financially, and his ruin was hastened by the purchase of an old sawmill. He threw up all claims on his property last year, and since that time has worked for Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, of the Levels, being engaged mostly in working at carpentering and other mechanical work. He was noted as being very ingenious, and last winter did some plumbing which the blacksmiths of Academy had declared themselves unable to do. For some time he has been working on a patent, so he represented, and has refused to let any one come into his shop. The counterfeit coins are base imitations, the edge of the coin being serrated partially, though the coins looked new, and bore the date of 1893.— They were very light. During April court, Chapman was in Marlinton trying to purchase zinc and pewter, saying that he would take any amount. He had started for New Mexico.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. Gunther and King were in Addison last week on business connected with the letting of the court house contract at that place.

H. W. Bacon, C. E., was here last week looking after land interests. He will start for Alaska in a few days, being sent thither by a Geographical Society of Philadelphia. He will be gone some years.

Miss Bell, of Greenbrier, governess at Mr. Levi Gay's has returned home.

M. F. Giesy Esq., of Wheeling, architect, will be here next Tuesday to inspect the foundations of the court house. At that time it is expected that contractor Manly will be here.

Dr. Price is in Washington this week.

Misses Maud and Sally Yeager have returned from Green Bank, where they have been at school.

Mr. Hunter Mooman, of Green Bank, was in Marlinton on Monday.

Mr. Wm. Brown, of Green Bank, is visiting his son, Mr. S. L. Brown this week.

Mr. Horace Shingluff and little son, of Baltimore, were in Pocahontas in quest of trout fishing last week. Mr. Shingluff is senior partner of the firm of Shingluff, Disney & Co., shoe dealers.

Dr. J. M. Barnett has located at Frost. His professional card will be found in this paper.

—The lumbermen of Smith's Camp played the lumbermen of Meadow Creek Camp an exciting game of baseball, on Saturday, to a large crowd of spectators. Score 21:3 in favor of Meadow Creek.— The teams were composed of the following men.

| Smith's Camp. | Meadow Creek Camp. |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Ike Lee, pitcher | P. Shuckrow, |
| J. Driscoll, catcher | N. Barker, |
| C. Steinmeyer (C) 1b | "Du Bois," |
| G. Kreitzer, 2b | R. Griffith, |
| "Shorty," 3b | F. Griffith, |
| H. Wissenger, short stop | Hudson, |
| S. Eythe, right field | J. Whiting, |
| C. Bell, center field | F. Madison, |
| A. Butterbaugh, l. f. | N. Kavanaugh, |
| L. H. Townes and Wm. McClusky | Umpires. |

DUNMORE.

Fine weather, and the frogs and toads jump and hollow, and the snakes carouse around.

Capt. J. C. Lakin and family have returned to their home from a year's stay in New York.

Mr. S. C. Gay will move to Green Bank soon.

Mr. Ed. Kline has gone to Frank in on a visit.

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ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR
Marlinton, Friday, Aug. 2, 1895.

Entered at the post-office at Marlington, W. Va., as second class matter.

EACH side wins the Cuban war. The matter will possibly resolve itself into another Revolutionary affair. Spain will find, like England did, that her colony is costing her more than it is worth, and she will probably let her go.

MARIE BARBERI, an Italian girl, has been sentenced to be electrocuted on the 19th of August, for cutting the throat of her betrayer. It is confidently expected that executive clemency will save her from the death chair. Besides the fact that this poor girl was driven desperate, and other extenuating circumstances, there is much to be said why a woman should not be condemned to death.

If u wud kep abreast of the times u must advocat fonetic speling. Lif is to short to multiply leters. and, therefore, many of the bristes lites and wisest thinkers hav concluded that the shortest wa rond was the easiest wa home, so an effort haz been mad to spel words, not according to eny dishunary now extant, but by the sond thereof. Artemas Ward tried this, but, having practiced it a few yers. dide yong. It ma do for som of the abnormal riters of the 19th century, but for us who hav intellects of standard wate and mesur, we find it to grat a stran on the aforsed powers to unlern our speling bok, and to remember what we never nu. So while the periodicals issued by Funk & Wagnals ma adopt the n1 sistem, tha cannot expect the suport of this paper. We a unwilling to transform our shet into a ti-pogographical nitemar.

It does not require a very long ramble from Marlinton these pleasant summer days to meet with repeated reminders of Whittier's charming verses:

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
With turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry, whistled tunes;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty
grace:

From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Thou hast more than wealth can
In the reach of ear and eye—[buy
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy.

There is one resident of Marlinton who will feel sadly at fault in his hopes and judgment if these living pictures of bareroot boy do not turn out to be some of the best of men as the result of outward sunshine and the inward joys of present, along with the blessings of the poet, treasured up in the hearts of friends and parents and expressed in sincere desire where none but God can hear.

AN "open letter," which need not be referred to by a more specific description, may have caused some to think that the ever-recurring business of the building of the court-house has been mismanaged by the County Court, the figures given by it showing only an inconsiderable sum remaining due to Manly on the contract, and that there was something seriously wrong with the building. As will be seen in another column, a reduction of \$1000 will make the county whole. The court-house business is in no state to cause alarm, and not even comment. The court-house, extra work, fence and furniture have not been settled for, except such payments as have fallen due under the contract, and been approved by the Court, architect, and the self-interested citizens. In a nutshell it may be said that Manly will be due from the county some \$32,000, in round numbers, of which the Court has allowed between twenty-two and twenty-three thousand dollars. This leaves \$10,000 between the county and danger, and would rather tend to show careful business policy on the part of the Court in not paying out money too readily, than to disparage the business capacity of the members.

When the architect, Mr Geisy, who is employed by Pocahontas County, and whose duty it is to stand between the county and the company which is building the new court-house and jail, was in town this week, he was approached by the representative of this paper and asked concerning the reports extant as to the carelessness of the County Court in relation to payments made the Manly Manufacturing Company, and whether they had paid that company any amounts in excess of what they should have paid it, in order to be safe.

He said: "The Court has kept within the *letter* of the law. They have issued orders to the amount of \$22,738, and that includes the money paid by the Development Company. When they made that order they required that the same amount (\$5000) be returned to the Court, which was done, and those orders are practically destroyed. Outside of the roof, the building can be accepted under the specifications. There are many things that are not according to the specifications, but they can be changed at a small cost, say \$50. The roof cannot be accepted, and the county should be paid the difference. The reduction should be at least \$1000."

All this, and much more to the same effect, was said by the architect, who then referred the writer to his report to the Court. In speaking of the whole building in that he says: "The reduction in my judgment that is necessary to make the county whole is at least one thousand dollars."

This, therefore, means that the building is desirable in the architect's estimation at the price of \$27,423, (\$1000 less than the contract price) and of this the county has allowed orders to the amount of \$22,738. Until the architect, who has the perfect confidence of the most careful and disturbed citizens, can be accused of being in league with the builders, which everyone knows is most emphatically not the case, no one need be alarmed as to the safety of the county.

THERE was no call for the "open letter," and, besides, "it will never do to fool the people."

SHIPS that pass in the night and
speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant
voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life—we pass
and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then dark-
ness again and a silence.

—*Longfellow.*

\$6.00 and \$10.00

Snap-Shot, Flash-Light and
time exposure pictures can
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EASTMAN KODAK CO.
 Send for Catalogue: **Rochester, N. Y.**

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

**Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.**

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

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HOME NEWS

DR. PAGE BARLOW passed Linnwood, last week, on his return from French Creek, and told some friends he thought of locating on French Creek, in Upshur County.

BEARS have been killing sheep in the vicinity of Split Rock the past few nights. Mr Sam Varner and others have been losing lambs, as the mother bruin seems to prefer them for her family use.

CAPT. C. B. SWECKER cried the McCalpin sale on Thursday last. The business was dispatched with celerity under the direction of the Sheriff, administrator of the estate left by the late J. W. McCalpin. The appraising and the selling took place almost simultaneously.

It seems to have been a little too previous to say that sales have been made of lands from Dilley's Mill to Travellers' Repose, but options have been taken for many thousand acres for a short time. These lands abound in oak, and there is a goodly quantity of pine.

RECENT information from Charley Rhea is of a rather encouraging character, and hopes are entertained that he may recover from his injuries that were reported last week. Dr. Cameron has been in constant attendance. He showed signs of returning intelligence on Monday last, for the first time, on the 13th day of his hurt.

THE sensation of the hour in upper Pocahontas was the presence of the railway barons from Elkins, last week, Messrs. Davis, Elkins, and Kerens. One of the party was approached and the inquiry made: "Senator, will you bring the railroad soon?" This elicited the laconic but significant reply: "I don't know about that. We were here thirteen years ago, and there is no railroad yet."

MR C. P. KINNEY, a veteran journalist, spent a few weeks at Linnwood and vicinity this summer, seeking rest and health. A few days since he went to Elkins, where he will resume his newspaper duties. He possesses a high order of talent for journalistic work, as the readers of the TIMES have had opportunity to know from his interesting communications.

EVERY summer Mr Levi Gay, one of our best farmers, raises a half-acre of corn near his barn for feeding green at this time of year. The seed is planted very thick and requires but one working, the corn covering the ground after that. It makes a big lot of green feed, and comes at the time when horse-feed is badly needed. The horses eat up every morsel of it and improve. The farmers of Harrison and other counties which suffered from the early drought have plow up their meadows to raise this kind of feed on them.

THE "blockade" on the Elk mountain has been recently burned, leaving the charred trunks lying bare. This blockade was cut in the first year of the war by Gen. Robert E. Lee. The army was camped on Valley Mountain in the month of October, 1861. Fearing an attack from the Union army advancing up the Valley River, the army fell back to Middle Mountain one day, and went into camp. The road was deep with mud, and six horses were required to move an ordinary two-horse load. That night it rained, and the headwaters of Elk River were higher than they have ever been, before or since. That morning the advance guard of the Union army fired on the pickets of the Confederates, and they at once made a bolt for a suitable position to give battle. Fourteen thousand Confederates went up the Old Field Fork that day, helter-skelter. They left a large number of tents standing at Big Spring. Wagons were overturned and abandoned, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in getting the artillery through the fords. When they reached Elk Mountain, they cut in the blockade spoken of, and took a stand on Hickory Ridge. In the mean time what had become of the 42,000 Federals, counting that it took three Yankees to make one Confederate run? Mr William Gibson informs us that he saw sixteen Yankees in the Confederate camp that day slitting the tents and looking for what they might find. The main body of Federals, according to reliable report, had fled down Valley River just as speedily as the Southern troops went up stream, and Valley River being flooded, several were drowned. About the time the blockade was cut in the armies were about twenty-five miles apart and the distance increasing every minute. From Elk, Gen. Lee fell back to Huntersville, and thence east and ended his West Virginia expedition.

APPARENTLY, never better oats were raised than grow this year. Jim Gibson, Jr., on Elk, has about thirty acres of oats that is fine as any ever seen by the writer. Sam Varner, at Big Spring, has just as good a field, if not better. These fields are marvels in the way of oats crops.

DR. BOWEN, of Valley Head, was in Marlinton for a few days last week, suffering from the effects of the sun. He is an English physician who graduated at Cambridge and Heidelberg, and went to India as medical man for a railway construction company. There he had a sunstroke which nearly killed him, and a touch of the same prostrated him last week.

THE furniture for the new courthouse has been somewhat delayed in transit by an attachment of in the depot at Hot Springs. There is a matter of controversy between Warren, the hotel keeper, of Millboro Depot, and Robert P. Manly, concerning the hire and breakage of a carriage engaged by Mr Manly to come to Pocahontas. The amount is about \$50. An amount sufficient to cover a possible judgment was deposited with the Sheriff of Bath County, and the goods released.

THE Monroe Watchman gives an account of a terrible fight which took place in that county between N. G. Shirey and Houston Bobbitt. Shirey is a trustee of a school and refused to let Bobbitt's son become its teacher. Bobbitt made an attack on Shirey and it was with great difficulty that Shirey kept him from killing him. Bobbitt was finally knocked senseless. The Watchman advises that Bobbitt be placed under restraint as he is subject to insane fits of anger at which times he is very dangerous.

THE colored memorial services at Clover Lick last Sabbath were largely attended. Elder Boggs preached the sermon, Job 16: 22, "When a few years are come, then shall I go the way whence I shall not return." Kate Dougherty, the deceased in whose memory the services were performed, was a daughter of Israel and Angelina Knight. She leaves a family of young children. This made the sixth funeral service conducted by Elder Boggs in the last eight years for this worthy but sadly bereaved family.

CHESLEY K. ROGERS has got out of the fire into the frying-pan. As will be remembered he is the man who tried to discipline his wife with a hoe, and was sent to jail for his failure to give a peace bond of \$500. He rested in jail for some weeks during which time his wife instituted divorce proceedings. Last week two bailsmen appeared and released him from jail, and he was placed on the poor farm, and word comes that he was last seen shocking hay as if the sheriff was after him. He is indebted to the kindness of R. W. Hill and Ellis McCarty, for his bail.

ONE of the most widely known localities in Pocahontas County is Clover Lick, now occupied by Dr. Ligon, whose hospitable home is gratefully remembered by scores of visitors. It was here herds of buffalo and elk resorted in early times to feed on the luxuriant vegetation and drink the briny waters, and consequently became the Indian's ideal of the happy hunting grounds, where all good Indians hoped to go. Major Jacob Warwick spent much of his useful, busy life here, and a recent visitor to this place would be reminded of what he had heard about this person, and he would repeat one of the incidents that authentic treatise preserves as illustrative of some of his personal characteristics: While present at a house-raising near Clover Lick one of the young men made himself quite conspicuous boasting of his fleetness of foot. The Major took one of his youthful friends aside and told him if he would beat that youngster in a foot-race, and take the conch out of him, he should have a valuable present. After dinner the race came off, and was won by the Major's champion. The Major told him to come over to the Lick soon and see what he had for him. He did so, and returned home with one of the finest colts on the place. That young athlete became a distinguished Methodist preacher, had charges in West Virginia, Ohio, and Missouri, and finally went overland to California, where he now lives, so far as is known, more than 87 years of age. During the greater part of his long and widely extended itineracy he used horses that were the offspring of the colt given him by Major Warwick. His name is Lorenzo Waugh, and was born and partially reared not far from Poage Lane school-house, on land now in the possession of Quincy Poage.

Advertise!

H. B. Marshall, at Mingo, is building a hotel of sixteen rooms on site of his old one.

AT Beverly the town council has passed an order prohibiting cows from promenading the streets.

MRS. MINERVA A. EDMISTON, mother of Hon. Andrew Edmonston, died at her home in Weston, last week after a short illness.

THE undergrowth is growing finely in the hay crop, and those meadows which have been left standing are improving every day.

BERTIE McLAUGHLIN, a daughter of Mr and Mrs Dallas McLaughlin, aged twelve years, collected over thirteen dollars for the Alexander monument.

WES WHITE, who has been working at Given's camp, on Williams River, met with an accident some days ago. A log was rolled on his foot, crushing the ankle badly. He is able to go about on crutches.

MR WILLIAM SHINNBERREY, near Driftwood, is building a nice residence. Mr Patrick Meeks is the contractor, assisted by his sons, Boyd and Elliot, and Ed Showalter and Dave Beverage.

A CONSTABLE's sale read that on a certain day he would offer for sale at a certain place "5 surkle saws," which being interpreted means "5 circular saws." This notice is to be seen in Randolph County.

MR ADAM GEIGER, near Driftwood, and son, William, seem to be busy citizens. Mr Geiger has a store, mill, and blacksmith shop in connection with his farming operations, to all which he gives his personal attention.

THERE was an attractive singing service at Driftwood last Sabbath afternoon, attended by an overflowing audience, and under the supervision of Profs. Swecker and Friel, aided by Messrs. Eupank and Dysard, and Misses Bessie Dysard and Elva Friel.

THE festival for the repainting of Mt. Vernon church, near Frost, proved a successful and interesting affair, and was greatly enjoyed by all participants. The refreshments were pronounced unusually nice and tempting to the most epicurean taste. Handsome returns were realized.

THE road from Dunmore to Driftwood is in very good condition. By locating it around the Snake Den two fordings have been avoided, and the two towns seem to be much nearer than they appeared to be four or five years ago. Nothing improves like improvements.

THE following sign was seen the other day near a little town in Smith county: "15 Miles 2 Smith SenTer. IF You canT red This sine Inkwire At The next hoUs. He is a Republikin, bnT damme if I ainT tired Ansern Kues Tunz." —Osborn, (Kan.) News.

THE Ballenger Family with their pavillion show, were here on last Friday. Their exhibit was well attended, and pronounced the best show we have had for the price of admittance. It was a real side-splitting feast to lovers of fun. —Elkins News. Will show at Marlinton August 9, 1895, day and night.

A GEORGIA watermelon train was wrecked on the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, 12 miles north of Richmond, Sunday near a negro church. The congregation promptly adjourned and by night naught but the ground, strewn with closely trimmed rinds, was left to tell the tale of destruction.

COUNTY COERT did not meet on Tuesday at the special session, as a final settlement could not be made, and Mr Manly did not want to make but one trip. Through some mischance, Mr Geisy was not notified, and he arrived to be present at the meeting. He was here a part of the day Tuesday.

If some of the bee owners would speak up and give their ideas as to the cause of bees failing to swarm this season, it would be appreciated. On Elk the highest number of swarms reported is five at Hugh Sharp's, and in that whole region among its hundreds of hives there has not been over a dozen swarms. One man in Pocahontas has doubled his stands of bees, but he was a poor man and had only one hive.

A TRUE incident is the following: In Virginia a young lady of good family received and offer of marriage and she felt duty bound to tell her sweet-heart that a member of her family had been hung. The gentleman very cheerfully replied that it was allright, and while he, himself, had never had any near relations hung, he had had hundreds that should have been, and so the bridge was passed.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Aug. 2, 1895.

A RECENT decision of the Supreme Court of Appeals has granted R. R. Fleshmen, of Monroe county, a new trial. The indictment against him was for forgery, the forgery consisting in representing that a note signed by one John Fleshman, was one signed by another of the same name.

Railroad Prospects

The following extract of an article which appeared in a recent issue of the *Wheeling Register* and makes interesting reading for the people of this section even if it is no news:

It is not in any one locality that confidence is shown, but all the energy which for several years has been pent up, seems now to have broken out in all parts of the State at once, and railroad building in a dozen or more counties will soon follow.

The most recent announcement made upon apparent good authority, is that sufficient financial aid has been secured in New York within the past week to insure the construction of the Chesapeake & Western railroad, which is to run from Marlinton, the county seat of Pocahontas, to a connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad somewhere in Virginia, either at the Warm Springs or somewhere in the vicinity of Staunton. Col. McGraw, who has been for years endeavoring to get a railroad into Pocahontas, is said to have practically confirmed the statement that the road is now assured, and it is said that work will be commenced this summer. Col. McGraw, who has large interest in Pocahontas county, had plans almost perfected a few years ago, by which the West Virginia and Pittsburg railroad was to be extended from Camden-on-the-Gauley to Marlinton, where it was to be met by the Chesapeake and Ohio, which was to run a branch line up from Covington, Va., to that point. The C. & O. branch was built as far as Warm Springs, Va., where it stopped, and neither it nor the W. Va. & P. has since gone any nearer to Pocahontas county. It is now practically settled that neither of these roads will enter Pocahontas. The W. Va. & P. considers Pocahontas county outside of its territory, and the C. & O. has evidently give up all intention of reaching it. But the building of the Chesapeake and Western will give

A SOUTHERN OUTLET

for the magnificent pine, hemlock and hardwood timber of Pocahontas county, and bring a splendid county into closer communication with the outside world. The Davises have had their eyes on Pocahontas county for some time, and it is their intention to extend the West Virginia Central up through Mingo Flats and Edray into Pocahontas county. The building of the Chesapeake and Western will no doubt hasten them, and the two roads will no doubt connect at Marlinton.

Last Murder by Indians in this State.

This month marks the centennial of the last Indian depredation and murder committed in this State. In the month of June, 1795, a party of Indians visited the house of John Bozarth, situated on Leading Creek, near Buckhannon. Mr. Bozarth and sons George and John, were engaged in drawing grain from the field to the barn, when they heard agonizing shrieks in the direction of the house. They deserted their team and started for home, but before arriving sighted Indians at the house. One Indian took aim and fired at George, who was in front, but as the Indian was about to fire George fell down as if dead, though unhurt. The Indian pursued the father, who made good his escape in flight. George got up after the Indian passed him by and escaped him also. The younger son John was killed. The Indians at the house killed two or three small children and took Mrs. Bozarth and two boys prisoners. With these they returned to their towns and surrendered to Gen. Wayne who had succeeded in effecting a treaty of peace.—*Clarksburg News.*

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located East End of Bridge.

Terms.

per day - 1.00 & 1.50
per meal - - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER,

Proprietor.

TRANSFERS OF REAL-ESTATE.

Recorded in June, 1895.

R. W. Wanless to Laura Wanless, for 85 acres on Brown's Mountain, with reservations, consideration nominal.

James E. Johnson and wife, to Ulysses S. Johnson, 26 acres on Greenbrier River, \$78

John E. Adkinson, to Phoebe Ann Sheets, 299 1/2 acres on Swago Creek, reserving a lifetime interest.

J. W. Marshall to Julia A. Marshall, deed settling division lien between parties.

Isaac McNeel and wife to Henry McNeel, 238 acres, adjoining the lands of Wm. T. Beard, \$2500.

E. H. Smith and E. A. Smith to W. B. Ricketts, stock and fixtures of drugstore.

Geo. S. McNeel and wife to John T. McGraw, 345 1/2 acres on Stamping Creek \$2074.50.

Deed of arbitration between M. J. McNeel admr. and heirs of C. M. Lewis, dec'd, and W. H. Overholt, and damages assessed by arbitrator at \$300.

Henry W. McNeel to Wm. L. McNeel title bond of date 1875.

J. B. Silva and wife to John T. Rose, fifteen acres \$2 per acre.

Samuel McNeel and John T. Rose, to Margaret D. Rose, 40 acres and 15 acres, for \$100.

Trustees of Arborvale Methodist Episcopal Church to the board of church extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, indenture.

James T. Sutton to board of trustees of above named Church, 1/2 of acre, consideration nominal.

Alvin Clark and wife, Geo. S. McNeel and wife, Geo. W. Levisay and wife, to Wm. O. McCoy, 59 acres on Droop mountain.

Patrick Henry and wife to Joel O. Hill, one half interest in mill lot containing 2 acres.

Geo. N. Lacy and wife to C. L. Austin, 170-acres on Back Alleghany.

Benj. F. McClure to Michael G. McClure, 165 acres on the east side of Droop Mountain.

John E. Adkinson to John E. Adkinson, 31 acres and 64 acres on the headwaters of Swago Creek, except the timber on the second tract.

John B. Hannah having executed a deed to his son John E. Hannah conditioned on his out-living his father, changes it so that in case of such death it goes to the children of said John E. Hannah.

W. H. Overholt and wife to J. B. Walton, lot in the town of Hillsboro.

R. S. Turk and wife to Godfrey Geiger concerning a track of 146 acres, the parties of the first part relinquishing all claim to 100 acres and the parties of the second part all claim to the remaining 46 acres.

L. M. McClintic, Spec'l Comm'r. to Elizabeth M. Moore, fifty acres in Green Bank District.

J. W. Beard to Pocahontas Development Company, lot in the town of Marlinton.

John E. Gum and wife and Wesley Beverage to Geo. W. Kerr, 105 acres on Buffalo Mountain, \$80.

Henry Snyder and others to Geo. W. Kerr, for land on Buffalo Mountain.

Geo. W. Kerr and wife to D. L. Kerr, 100 acres on Buffalo Mountain.

John M. Arbogast and others to Benj. M. Arbogast, 36 acres on Buffalo Mountain.

F. L. Cackley and wife to Reuben Peunel, 75 acres on Stamping Creek, \$100.

H. S. Rucker Spec'l Comm'r. to W. A. Bussard, 1/2 acre in the town of Frost, belonging formerly to Herold & Moore.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. Va.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

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Sampson Lockhart Mathews, Esq.

Among the citizens of prominence in the early history of Pocahontas County, was Mr S. L. Mathews, the first county surveyor. His paternal grandfather was Sampson Mathews, Esq., one of the early residents of Staunton, Virginia, whose wife was a Miss Lockhart, hence the name borne by members of the family connection. She had a sister married to a Mr Nelson, and another married to a Mr Clark. Thus the Montgomerys and the Mathews became related.

The subject of this sketch was the second son of Sampson Mathews, Jr., and Mary Warwick, daughter of Jacob and Mary Warwick, of Clover Lick. Early in life he manifested an intense desire for an education, and his wishes were gratified. Much of the time he passed in studies he was under the care of the Rev. Dr. John McElhenny, who established, and for so many years conducted, the renowned Lewisburg Academy.

Upon reaching his majority in 1821, young Mathews and his father, who had become a widower, moved to the farm now occupied by Mrs Mary McClintic, his only daughter. Father and son lived in this manner for three or four years.

In 1825, young Mathews was married to Miss Nancy Edgar, daughter of Mr Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews, whose farm afterwards became the site now occupied by the town of Ronceverte. Mrs Edgar was the daughter of Archie Mathews, whose residence is now known as the Alexander farm, three miles from Lewisburg.

He continued his residence on the farm until he received his appointment as County Surveyor. In a letter written by the Hon. J. Howe Peyton, in his time one of the most eminent members of the Staunton bar, mention is made of the first sessions of the Pocahontas Court, and of the appointment of Mr Mathews. Extracts from this letter appeared in this journal some months ago. This same letter is to be found in the West Virginia Historical Magazine, and in Mr Peyton's biography, an interesting volume, recently prepared and published by his son, Colonel J. T. Peyton, of Staunton. The author kindly presented a copy to the writer of this, and the gift is much appreciated.

Soon after their marriage, Mr and Mrs Mathews gathered a Sabbath School in their home. Mrs Dolly McCollum sent her children, Isaac, Ruth, and James; Mr William McNeil sent Jonathan, Claiborne, Jane and Elizabeth; and Joshua Buckley was one of the scholars also. Mr Mathews would read a chapter and offer prayer. Mrs Mathews did most of the teaching. The exercises would open at ten o'clock, and have a recess at noon. In the yard was an arbor formed by a luxuriant hop-vine. Under its shade the children would sit and enjoy their luncheon, brought from their homes. One of the pupils remembers how Mrs Mathews would send out great pitchers full of "nice, cool buttermilk" that all enjoyed so much. After recess, school would meet and continue two or three hours. The summers of 1826 and 1827 were occupied in this useful service.

In 1834 Mr Mathews purchased property in Mill Point from Valentine and James Cackley, and moved on the purchase and resided there the remainder of his life.

In his religious sentiments, he was a Presbyterian from conviction, and for years was the sole representative of the New School branch. These schools have con-

solidated since the time of his death on terms of mutual respect and christian confidence, and hence the wisdom of his position has been vindicated by results.

He was in declining health for quite a while, and awaited his decease with a calmness and self-possession that was the wonder of many and the admiration of others. His arrangements were calmly made, his instructions were given, and his requests were expressed as if all was a matter of course.

Frequently during his life, and specially in his declining years, he would repeat stanzas from his favorite hymn:

Jesus and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels
praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

* * * * *
Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain,
And O may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

He died September 23, 1854, and was buried in a place selected by himself. It commands a lovely prospect in the midst of a landscape famed for beautiful vistas.

W. T. P.

Books and Reading.

Perhaps there never was a time when the Wise man's words were more completely verified: "of making many books there is no end," than now. The active presses are hourly turning out so many volumes of printed matter, that, to use the words of a recent paper, "amid this deluge of books many persons are being drowned." We are readers to-day as we have never been before, the waves of this

filth and rubbish which rushing waters ever stir up. The present cheapness of literature while it enables some to secure excellent literary fare, also opens the door to much that is unwholesome. Cheap books of the worst type find their way to the utmost corners of the land; like the frogs of Egypt they invade our homes, and come up into our very bed chambers, unless with vigilance we guard against them. Carlyle has somewhere said "All books are to be divided into two classes—the sheep and the goats." Had he lived to this hour, he might have been fain to apply a stronger term to many of this latter day publications. A young lady was once speaking to the writer of her great love for books; on being asked what style of reading she preferred, replied, "I have no choice, I read anything." It was doubtless the thoughtless speech of one who did not consider the full meaning of words, but it is still too sadly true of many readers. But how would one rank that person who frankly declares he has no choice of company, the vile and impure afford as much interest and entertainment as the pure and good! We see too often books in the hands of young persons, who could not without a blush (if they have yet the grace to blush) tell to a mixed company, the story therein set forth. "Books are the best of things well used," says Emerson, "abused among the worst." On any news-stand, among the train-boy's stock we find for every good book of fiction at least twenty of the worst type.

We have great need to remember the words of Cato on this subject of reading: "Always keep company with the good."

L. R. P.

MAN is the merriest, the most yoyous of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

Advertise!

A few years ago much was said about cotton being king in commercial affairs. In the progress of human events the sceptre has been transferred to another production — Indian corn. This grain is the most valuable of all for it means virtually meat and bread. Consequently it will bring more money when marketed than all other grains combined, and far exceeds the proceeds of the cotton crop under the most favorable conditions that may arise in the cotton business. The estimated yield of corn for this year is from two and a quarter billions to two and a half billions of bushels. At thirty-five cents the crop represents eight hundred millions of dollars. A decline of five cents a bushel means a difference of one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars. It is believed Iowa alone will have corn enough to furnish every man, woman, and child in the United States with five bushels each. Five States; Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, and Nebraska, comprise the corn belt, and furnish two-thirds of all the entire corn product. As a result of such favorable reports, the managers of all railroads in communication with the corn States are busily employed in arranging for handling the crop when ready for transportation.

The writer has been frequently asked by persons he meets with in his moving around among the people, what is meant by free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. He generally discourses that his explanations do not explain, for he most commonly finds that he has a debate on hand. The ratio seems to be the bone of contention. Some seem to think the ratio proposed means that an ounce of gold equals in value sixteen ounces of silver. There are others who think it means sixteen silver dollars are to be coined to one gold dollar. There may be other ideas, but they have not been in evidence as yet. So far then as the writer can see into the question, it means this: Free coinage means the coinage of silver without toll or charge for mintage; free and unlimited coinage would coin all the silver bullion, without charge, that would be sent into the mint. The ratio of sixteen to one indicates that in this proposed free and unlimited coinage the silver dollar is to contain sixteen times as many grains of silver as there may be grains of gold in the gold dollar. In brief, the silver dollar is to be sixteen times heavier than the gold dollar, without regard to the value of the metal to be put into each coin respectively. If this explanation does not explain, let us hear from our readers.

"When critics say my work is bad I don't indulge in wail or woe, I simply smile and go my way, And say the critics do not know."

But when they pat me on the back, And say they think my work immense, I take a rosier view of life To think they show such rare good sense."

Historical Scraps.

It appears from authentic tradition that the pioneer settler of the Buckeye neighborhood, four miles south of Marlinton, was Joshua Buckley, at the junction of Swago Creek with the Greenbrier. It was about the year 1770 or 1775. He came from Winchester, Virginia, and his wife, Hannah Collins, was a native of Newtown, a few miles south of Winchester. John Buckley, their eldest child, was but two weeks old when his parents set out on their pack horses for their new home, in the month of March.

Upon their arrival they occupied a deserted hunter's camp, and on the same day Mr Buckley took the suffering, jaded horses to Mr John

McNeel's, in the Levels, to procure keeping for them awhile, thus leaving wife and child alone. The wolves howled all night, and she could hear the snapping of their teeth, but she disclaimed all fear. This camp was occupied until a cabin could be built and ground prepared for potatoes and buckwheat.

This family for the first summer subsisted on a bushel and a half of meal, brought with them from Winchester, with potatoes and venison. Mr Buckley could go up Cook's Run and pick out a deer as conveniently as a mutton may now be had, and even more easily.

One of the daughters, Mrs Hetty Kee, the ancestress of the Kee family, when a little girl remembered seeing the Indians very often, and frequently heard them on the ridges overlooking Buckeye, whistling on their powder charges and making other strange noises as if exchanging signals.

Mr Buckley raised one crop of buckwheat that he often mentioned to illustrate how it would yield. For fear the corn might not ripen enough for bread, he dropped grains of buckwheat between the rows by hand and covered with a hoe. He planted a half bushel of seed and threshed out eighty bushels. He carried the nails used in roofing his barn from Winchester. They were hammered out by hand, and cost seventeen cents per pound.

There were frequent alarms from Indian incursions. The women and younger children would be sent to the fort at Mill Point. The older boys would stay around home to look after the stock, with instructions to refugees that certain hollow log if Indians should be seen passing by.

About the time Joseph Buckley became a grown man, his father had five hogs fattening at the upper end of the orchard. One night a panther came and carried the whole lot to Cook's Run, piled them up, and covered them over with leaves and earth. The father and his sons watched for several nights, and finally the old panther came with her cubs. She was shot and the cubs captured and kept for pets. One was given away and the other kept until almost grown. It took a great dislike to the colored servants, named Thyatira and Joseph. Young Joe Buckley took much delight in frightening the servants. He would hold the chain and start the pet after them and would let the panther almost catch them at times. This would frighten the servants very much, and they cherished great animosity towards the pet and threatened to put it out of the way. This made the young man very uneasy about his panther, and he would not leave it out of doors at night, fearing the servants would kill it, and so he made a place for safe-keeping near his bed. The beast would sleep by his side, purring like a kitten, the much louder.

One night the young man was awakened by something strange about his throat. When he became conscious he found his pet was licking at his throat, slightly pinching at times with its teeth, then lick awhile and pinch a little harder. This frightened the young man so thoroughly that he sprang to his feet, dragged it out of doors, and dispatched it at once. For years it made him shudder to think of that horrible night.

W. T. P.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THERE WERE TWO OF THEM.

The Women Who Most Influenced the Life of "Bill Nye."

It was shortly after my admission to the bar that I gave my hand in marriage to my present wife, writes Edgar Wilson Nye ("Bill Nye") in the fourth article of the series, "The Woman Who Most Influenced Me," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. Before that I had only a meagre confidence in my own ability. I had grave doubts about amounting to much, and my lack of confidence in myself was shared by my tailor.

But the right sort of a wife gives a man a feeling of self-reliance that he cannot get elsewhere. He finds for the first time that he has an audience. Friends heretofore may have flattered him, but he fears that it is flattery, while his enemy, he feels, has been unjustly severe. His wife generally shows a genuine feeling of confidence and security in him which is a revelation. At first he is surprised and then he resolves to deserve that confidence. It is very difficult in a publication which goes into nearly every home in America to show one's wife completely under with encomiums, thus using up the space which some other man wants to use for his own private encomiums, but in order to fully and honestly answer the question put to me I must state over my own signature that my early industry and ambition were stimulated by the never flagging faith of my mother, and the still more deadly combat later on turning in my favor through the loyalty and confidence shown by my wife, who alone knows through what trials she has helped me.

DEATH LURKS IN A KISS.

Chicago's Health Officer Officially Warns the Public of the Fact.

There were 3,532 deaths in Chicago during the month of July, according to the Bureau of Public Health. With the monthly report was this advice:

Do not let others kiss you indiscriminately, and never without first wiping your lips with carbonized rose-water and thoroughly drying them.

This is a chunk of wisdom from Dr. Frank W. Reilly, pathologist, bacteriologist, geologist, meteorologist, archaeologist, and erstwhile editor.

To a correspondent, Dr. Reilly said:

"Yes, this is the way half the people get consumption."

"What is your opinion of kissing, doctor?"

"Viscious, intolerable, barbaric, and vile. This question of kissing has been a hobby with me for some time, and I have studied its results. I knew a consumptive preacher down in Nokomis who made a practice of kissing his flock after service every Sunday. The mortality in the village increased twenty-two per cent. in one year, and when I left there half the members of the congregation were leaning against fences for support. The germs were in the contribution boxes, in the hymn-book racks, and all about the pulpit."

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, August the 5th, 1895,

H. L. Mason, doing business as J. R. Weldin & Co., plaintiff,

vs.
Jacob B. Blyholder, and Catherine Blyholder, his wife, defendants.

The object of this suit is to foreclose a mortgage executed by Jacob B. Blyholder and wife to H. L. Mason, doing business as J. R. Weldin & Co., on the 1st day of April, 1892, on 1600 acres of land situated in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and being the same land conveyed to the said Jacob B. Blyholder by James E. Irvine and wife, by deed dated on the 23d day of July, 1888; to secure the payment of a bond executed by the said Jacob B. Blyholder and Catherine Blyholder to the said H. L. Mason, doing business as J. R. Weldin & Co., on the 1st day of April, 1892, for \$874.28, with interest from date; by a sale of said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the said Jacob B. Blyholder and Catherine Blyholder are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said Court, this 5th day of August, 1895.
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk
L. M. McCLINTIC, P. C.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

A Scrap of Biography.

Mrs Rachel Cameron McNeel, wife of the late Col. Paul McNeel, was a lady by natural endowments, adorned by the influences of a genuine christian faith.

She happened to be at Mill Point when a detachment of Federal scouts, led by Col. Samuel Young and Capt. Strousch, entered the place. Col. Young would not permit her to go home alone, and so he, the Captain, and eight others escorted her to her residence, two miles away. They lingered awhile, and in conversation she spoke of her absent family and why she alone had refused to be a refugee. In considering the matter of going to North Carolina, where most of her family were, she prayed especially for divine guidance. Upon coming from her place of prayer, she opened her Bible for a season of devotional reading. In opening the book her attention was arrested by this verse from the 37th Psalm: "Trust in the Lord and do good and thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed," and she regarded this as a message from her God advising her to remain at home, and no persuasion could influence her to leave for what promised a secure retreat from the troubles and dangers of the war, peculiar to that region at the time.

Another interesting incident in her history occurred on the evening before the Droop Mountain battle. General Averill camped in the meadows overlooked by her dwelling. She was the only white person in the house, and as night came on a feeling of indescribable loneliness overpowered her, as she thought of her husband at Richmond a member of the Legislature, her daughters at school in North Carolina, and her sons in camp. Suddenly a rapping at the door aroused her from her tearful reveries, and the familiar voice of a former servant called out, "It is me, missis, don't be scared too much. The General has sent these men to guard you." She invited them in and be seated. They proved to be gentlemanly, well-behaved persons, and afforded all the protection needed to keep the out-houses and her rooms from being looted, as was attempted at different times during the night. The guard spent the night in singing sacred songs. One of these spiritual songs was "Homeward Bound." Her feelings were deeply moved by the pathetic and earnest manner they sang these words:

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound,
Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

Confederate Veterans.

The Monroe Confederate veterans will have a reunion August 31, and invite all neighboring Confederates to be present. The Veterans of Pocahontas are due at Lewisburg September 25th. It would be well for the old soldiers to meet at some point in Pocahontas and go to Lewisburg in a body. In these piping times of peace, the country has a great love for that which savors of the heroic. Nothing could be more impressive than the sight of the veterans of the Pocahontas Camp marshalled to visit the neighboring county of Greenbrier.

Your Uncle Benjamin Harrison seems to be after the bicycle vote. He is entitled to it by experience, for no rider ever got a harder "header" than he took in 1892.—*Free Press, Detroit.*

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